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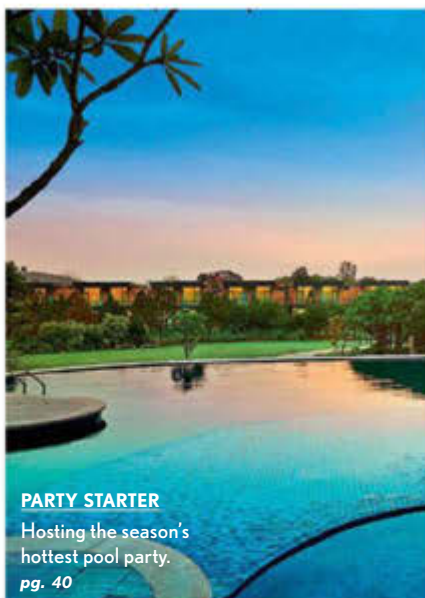
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ARENA

A MAN'S WORLD

SPEED RACER

Here's what you need to know about the 320-kmph 2016 Cadillac CTS-V, the newest entrant in the elite class of high performance luxury.

by MEHER BAJWA





INSIDE

KEEPING UP WITH **KENDRICK LAMAR**
MAD MAX STAR **CHARLIZE THERON**
MAKE YOUR OWN **LIQUOR INFUSIONS**

RAW POWER

A supercharged 6.2-litre V8 engine delivers a mind-boggling performance of 640 horsepower.



PUTTING ALL DOUBTS ABOUT A CADILLAC revival to rest, the 2016 Cadillac CTS-V is placing itself as an impressive bargain among the gamut of less capable luxury performance sedans, with its abundant power and style. A supercharged 6.2-litre V8 engine, upgraded with direct injection and a smaller, more efficient supercharger, delivers a mind-boggling performance of 640 horsepower and 630 pound-feet of torque. Equipped with Cadillac's paddle-shift eight-speed automatic transmission featuring launch control and Performance Algorithm Shifting, the CTS-V will accelerate from 0–100 kmph in 3.7 seconds with a top speed of 320 kmph. The elite V-Series was first launched a decade ago, and Cadillac president Johan de Nysschen testifies, “V-Series represents the very best of the Cadillac brand. The new CTS-V is the most compelling example of Cadillac’s product substance and brand trajectory.” Several updates make the CTS-V two cars in one: A luxury sedan with sophisticated road manners and a track-capable sports car right off the factory table.

The CTS-V also offers a Performance Data Recorder, an on-board video cam that can record lap times on a track day with data overlays, basically bestowing you with bragging rights as you upload your stats straight onto social media.



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2015 IS THE YEAR OF MR. LAMAR

One of the most anticipated albums of the year also marks Kendrick Lamar's West Coast debut.



SURPRISINGLY, KENDRICK LAMAR RELEASED HIS LATEST ALBUM, *TO PIMP A BUTTERFLY*, faster than previously planned. In this new album, Lamar is trying to see what would happen when he talks about the spiritual and the political.

TRANSITION PHASE

While *Good Kid, m.A.A.d. City* lifted Lamar's life story as a gifted schoolboy who lived in harsh environments, *To Pimp a Butterfly* brings the atmosphere of his life more recently. It starts off with him winning three B.E.T. awards and his feelings while remembering the past. Moving from Compton, California, gave Lamar many opportunities to experiment, both in terms of lyrics and music production wrapped with elements of jazz, funk, and the influence of the West Coast.

ADVENTUROUS ALBUM

TO PIMP A BUTTERFLY was created with shades ranging from elements of funk, jazz, poetic lyrics and inserted with a thick live element. When making this album, Lamar was quite inspired by Miles Davis and Parliament. "The music is unique, every producer I encountered submitted material for this album, but it was probably just one of the millions of materials whose sound fits with what we do," said Mark Spears as Lamar's producer. Regarding the album title that looks provocative, Lamar just said, "It (the title of the album) will be something that is taught in college someday." Lamar describes this album in three words, "Honest, fearful, and unapologetic."

LIVING AN ORDINARY LIFE

When some people began to spout lifestyle and ego like Kanye West or go emotional like Drake, Lamar's figures show a completely different level from his professional colleagues. Besides being thick with religion, he also rarely drank or smoked, living in a quiet environment, tending to avoid dressing up or "bling-bling" jewellery. He has maintained his relationship with his girlfriend since he was in school. "I do not want to put someone in the spotlight and make them a celebrity when they do not want to be a celebrity," said Lamar.



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CONDITIONS APPLY

SPICE ROUTE

DIY liquor infusions are fast becoming a popular trend. Here's how you can be your own mixologist over the weekend.

Gin can be an unpredictable playmate but its multifaceted, complex flavours make it an interesting catalyst for spice infusions. Here's what you need to make your own fennel-flavoured concoction at home: 500 ml of gin; ½ stalk of fresh fennel; peel of one lemon; a few dashes of cracked pepper; 8-10 black peppercorns. The mixologist's way: Chop the head

and tail off the fennel and slice it finely. Put all the ingredients into a mason jar and fill it up with gin. Seal, shake and wait for 24 hours before you make a drink. Serve chilled.

If this experiment goes awry, just head over to the newly re-launched **B Bar, New Delhi**, because their mixologist, Edwen Rose, mixes up a cracker of a Gin Pearl with fennel-infused gin, vermouth and Maraschino cherry liqueur—lip-smackingly good stuff.

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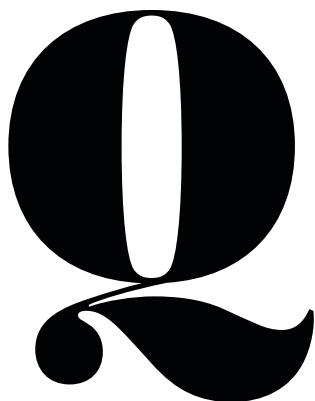
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CHARLIZE THERON

AFTER YEARS AND YEARS AND YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT, GEORGE MILLER'S *MAD MAX: FURY ROAD* FINALLY HIT THE BIG SCREEN IN MAY. WE CHAT WITH ITS STAR, THE ETERNALLY IMPECCABLE CHARLIZE THERON WHO PLAYS BAD-ASS COMMANDER IMPERATOR FURIOSA.

by DREW TURNEY



Tell us about your character, Charlize.

I play Furiosa. I spent a lot of time talking with George (Miller, director) about where she came from and how she ended up in this world because what's great about this movie is that you kind of feel like you're picking up in the middle of a very unexplained world. We know what this kind of world is but it's not a prequel or a sequel, it's just kind of a homage. We don't know where these characters are really coming from, even Max.

And your character has a shaved head.

I love the idea of a woman with a shaved head who looks like one of the war boys and kidnaps these five beautiful, innocent girls, and looks like she's going to take them over

the hill and murder them. It was something very intriguing for me. There was this instant connection, I felt this had to be a great story of revenge or some very embedded pain. We never really dived too much into it in this film, I think George is trying to save some of that stuff to peel back later. In this film we're just trying to tie these very complex characters into a three-day war.

Some of the action scenes look real and dangerous rather than being shot in front of green screens on a sound stage.

It was almost too practical. Every day the whole situation was so unpredictable for me. But every day you kind of showed up and you really didn't have a clear understanding of it. It felt like the whole movie was one big scene. Every day I just showed up and I could be falling out of the truck or could be stabbed or I could be in a fight scene, I don't know what. That was sometimes very overwhelming.

It seems female characters play a pretty significant part in this film.

It really covers the gamut between a 16-year-old girl and an 82-year-old woman and one becoming the other in this very complex, hard world. Selfishly, I feel like us women had

the great pleasure of really being completely, supremely complex. It was fantastic to see these ladies in their sixties and seventies with sawn-off shotguns and braids in their hair in the desert.

Did you do any special driving training?

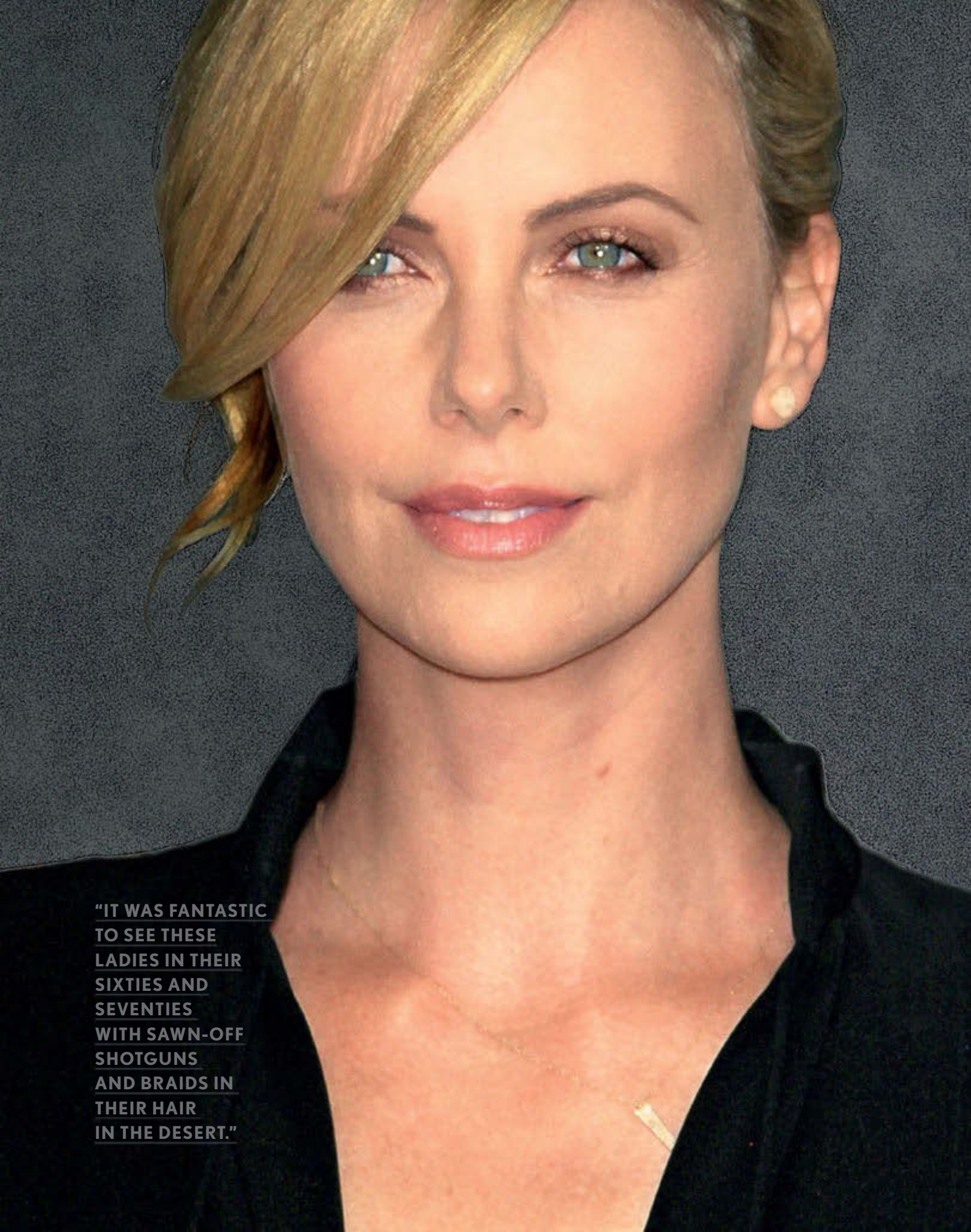
We never did speedy stuff. We're only driving like 50 kmph in those rigs. It's just really loud, it's like driving a big train. You feel every bump. You can't drive fast in those. They're not built for it, they're just like a war machine made for a fight.

What kind of movie projects attract you at this stage of your career?

You're just always looking for the real. Simple as that. You read something and it either feels real or it doesn't. The more you explore, the more you want to go deeper into certain things, less into others.

There's always a movie like *Mad Max* you want to watch when you're a kid but you're not allowed. What was yours?

The movie at that time was *Basic Instinct*. No, oh God, I'm not that young! It was *Fatal Attraction*. The bunny really screwed me up. That, and the elevator sex.



"IT WAS FANTASTIC
TO SEE THESE
LADIES IN THEIR
SIXTIES AND
SEVENTIES
WITH SAWN-OFF
SHOTGUNS
AND BRAIDS IN
THEIR HAIR
IN THE DESERT."



LOBSTER TALES

Koong Mungkorn Phad Phong Karee is an exotic Thai-style, wok-fried lobster in yellow power sauce, and you're cooking it this week.

THIS MILD, CURRIED DISH IS usually served as a counterpoint to a more intense curry or garlic dish but we think it's pretty fantastic on its own. It can be prepared with crab claws, or with a cup of crab meat, or a mixture of crab meat and shrimp. Since it is often eaten with chop sticks, you might want to remove the meat from the claws—this makes it easier for the spices to penetrate the meat, and it's just easier to eat. Here's the recipe the kitchen greats at Courtyard by Marriott, Mumbai swear by.

THE INGREDIENTS

1 whole fried lobster (50% cooked); 1 tablespoon thinly sliced garlic; 2 tablespoons fish stock, or you may use canned chicken stock; 1 teaspoon curry powder; 1 tablespoon light soy sauce; 2 tablespoons fish sauce; 2 tablespoons of thinly sliced shallots; 2 thinly sliced spring onions (scallions/green onions); 1 tablespoon julienned green or red bell pepper; a pinch of sugar.

THE PREP

Heat some vegetable oil in a wok,

and stir-fry the garlic and onions. Add the fish stock, soy sauce and fish sauce, and stir-fry the lobster until nearly cooked, then add the remaining ingredients.

SERVE IT WITH

This dish is served with the usual Thai table condiments, and you may want to add a spoonful of prik dong (red chillies in vinegar) to it.

As always with this type of tropical seafood dish, you can serve it hot, at room temperature, or chilled. Happy eating!



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EXCLUSIVE: BEHIND THE SCENES OF GAME OF THRONES

While you've been spending Monday nights glued to HBO Defined watching Season 5 of the most-talked-about fantasy TV show of our generation, HBO India flew this excited journalist to London for a whirlwind experience, the highlight of which was an exclusive set of interviews with the cast of *Game of Thrones*.

The scene is set at the beautiful Corinthia Hotel: We've just settled ourselves around a table in a suite overlooking the River Thames, when Kit Harington walks in and the show begins.

by MEHER BAJWA



KIT HARINGTON
Jon Snow

What can we expect from Jon this season?

It's exciting because you haven't seen Jon really encounter anyone from a different part of the story for a long time. I think you'll see Jon fed up with being told what to do. And at the same time he has to play politics which is something he's not used to.

Tell us more about Samwell Tarly and Jon's relationship as it is now.

It's a bro love. I also think Sam's not completely unselfish. He's wanting to protect Gilly and he needs Jon to do that. There are definite agendas this season.

How do you deal with the crazy cold?

You're out in the elements for the whole time. It's physically draining. So basically you just chat shit to each other, huddle up near the heater in the corner of the tent and keep warm. The clothes look beautiful but they don't retain warmth.

Do you read everyone else's parts too or do you know nothing?

I have read everyone's bits in the past. Every season I've read the whole thing. This season I've read nothing but mine. So I know nothing (*laughs*). Because this is as far as I've got to in the books, and this season is a lot based on book five and I haven't read it. I wanted to test myself and watch the show objectively and be really hooked without knowing what's coming next. I can't wait for it to start now!



ALFIE ALLEN
Theon Greyjoy

Is there still hope for Theon?

Maybe, just maybe there is light at the end of the tunnel. But there's a lot of shit to go through before that. You know it's a fucked-up life (*laughs*).

Do you like your character?

I *have* to like him (*laughs*). I definitely like my character and I empathise with him. I feel he is one of the most human characters on *GoT*—he makes mistakes.

Do you worry about the future of your character?

Yeah, I definitely worry. But not so much any more because I know David (David Benioff, screenwriter) and Dan (Daniel Brett Weiss, screenwriter) won't really give anything away. In Season 2, I kept asking them if I was going to die or not and that's when they gave me the fake script. I was reading an updated draft of the script and my character died! Bran comes out on Hodor's back and stabs me in the heart and goes, "This is my Winterfell, not yours." Then these guys call me up and they were like, "How would you feel about being a zombie?" I was like, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's cool." Then they said, "How would you feel about being a naked zombie with no dialogue whatsoever?" And so at that point I realised they were kidding.

What would your last day on Earth be like?

It would consist of roast chicken, roast potatoes, cauliflower cheese and watching SkyFox News!



LIAM CUNNINGHAM
Ser Davos Seaworth

Set the scene for Ser Davos as we join him at the beginning of Season 5... Season 4 has provided us with finances through the Bank of Braavos. We've used the money to get ourselves an army. Where we go from there is pretty logical, I think—an attempt on getting Stannis onto the throne now seems like a real possibility, and we start off Season 5 on that route.

It's an intense, serious show to watch. Is it funny on-set sometimes? It's one of the quietest sets I've ever worked on. But I do have fun with Carice (Van Houten). She's great fun; We've known each other for years. We did a movie together, and we were lovers in that, so things have changed!

Could we see that rekindled in Davos and Melisandre? It's not beyond the realm of possibility. If the Red Woman can turn around when Stannis wants to kill me, and the Red Woman saved my life, then it's not beyond the realms of possibility that George (R. R. Martin) could go, 'Let's get these two together. Have a little red baby.' That would be amusing.

When a character is killed off, does the cast do a special send-off? Listen, there are deaths every year, so I'm not giving anything away. We do have drinks: It's Ireland, I think it's the law! It's horrible when people go, and it sort of feels wrong. A little bit has been stolen from you, because we're part of this weird thing.



JESSICA HENWICK
Nymeria Sand

What do the Sand Snakes want? To uphold our father's (Oberyn Martell) dying wish. He was very clear that he wanted to annihilate the Lannisters. But we have to maneuver the Martell political space.

How was your first day on the set? My first day was like, "Here's your eight-foot bullwhip, this is the actor upto his head in the sand. We're going to put a bucket on his head. Then we're going to take the bucket off and we're going to put scorpions on him and you have to use the whip to hit the bucket and hit him, but don't touch him and don't kill the scorpions or the crew...okay, go!"

What were the shoot locations for the kingdom of Dorne? We filmed in Belfast, Portstewart, Croatia and Spain—great locations. We got to travel around and eat tapas and drink sangrias, we had a ball.

GoT has so many strong female characters, where do you fit in? Well, it's the first time you see strong females working together, and it's really rare to see. We (Sand Sisters) buck horns sometimes but we don't compete.

Who's your favourite character? In Season 1 Littlefinger was my favourite character and then he went and ruined everyone's lives! My favourites now are Tyrion and Arya. I like Varys as well, he's cool. I'm interested in seeing where he ends up.



ALEXANDER SIDDIG
Doran Martell

Who is Doran and how does he fit into the bigger picture? Doran is Oberyn Martell's brother. I've obviously received the news that my brother's dead and I'm devastated. He went to King's Landing partly because I had a crisis of confidence over the fact that I don't walk and I didn't want other ruling elite to see that I was incapacitated. All in all, there's quite a healthy appetite for revenge.

But revenge how? I am torn; I don't know whether we are really capable of going to war on that scale. The Lannisters are probably the wealthiest family out, the ones there who could marshal the most resources. It would be the longest, most protracted war of any war.

Why is Doran incapacitated? He has gout. So he's in enormous pain and that affects his gregariousness.

What's his strength? The Lannisters would expect revenge immediately. I can't put words in the writers' mouths because they haven't told me but I suspect that he's got a very good reason for delaying.

What sort of place is Dorne? If you can imagine that old Coleridge poem, Dorne is Xanadu. It's the most luxurious, beautiful place you can imagine, filled with people who are sensuous and honest. Women are equal to men and the rivers flow with milk and honey.

MODUS

THE STYLISH MAN

WRIST GAME

Okay, you've finally procured the Daytona that you've needed like you need air and water (so you've convinced your significant other). As you wear it with pride, you see someone in Camps Bay sporting the exact same watch...and it feels like your life's lost its purpose. Well, it's time to "dress" your wrist, creating your own identity with the new phenomenon that's hit watch collectors. Cue, WRIST GAMING!

by DIRK STEENEKAMP



Big Bang watch by Hublot ₹10,37,000; lava stone and silver bracelet by Northskull London ₹11,500; leather and lava bead bracelet by MadeByBerg ₹6,380; lava bead bracelet by MadeByBerg ₹3,700; jeans by Topman ₹3,000; jacket ₹6,400 and shirt ₹2,600, by Zara



Big Bang watch by Hublot
₹22,00,000; dark-tan
leather, protector bracelet
by MadeByBerg ₹3,450;
black Swarovski crystal
skull Macramé bracelet by
Northskull London
₹15,900; bracelet by
Beaded Royalty ₹1,600;
shirt ₹2,700 and jacket
₹8,000 by Zara; bow-tie
by Ted Baker ₹3,200



Yacht Master II watch by
Rolex ₹10,63,000;
black, nappa leather, silver
twin skull bracelet by
Northskull London
₹16,000; hematite
horseshoe bracelet by
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bracelet by Speedometer
Official ₹16,000; sneakers
by Zara ₹2,660



Daytona Everose
watch by Rolex
₹21,35,000; brown
stingray bracelet
₹12,000 and
Amazonite and bronze
Buddha bracelet
₹3,700, by
MadeByBerg; jacket
by Markham ₹4,200



Luminor 1950 Flyback
watch by Panerai
₹4,91,000; maple
wood, mint green
bracelet by Northskull
London ₹1,600;
jeans by Topman
₹3,000; jersey by Ted
Baker ₹5,300; loafers
₹4,600 and bag
₹4,800, Zara

A silhouette of a rock climber is shown on the left side of the image, clinging to a vertical rock face. The climber is wearing a helmet and a harness, and is positioned as if ascending the cliff. The background is a dramatic sky with clouds, transitioning from a warm orange glow at the bottom to a cooler blue at the top.

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SUMMER SCENT-ASTIC

The guys that make you smell great have been busy again. Here is the latest they've got to offer you.

1. David Beckham Instinct Gold Edition, ₹2,000. This marks the 10th anniversary of Becks making fragrance. Go for gold, we say!

2. Acqua di Parma Colonia Leather OUD, ₹12,000. This smells like tanned leather mixed with wood, spices and resins. In other words, like something a really rich bloke would smell like.

3. Tom Ford Private Blend London, ₹14,850. So, Tom Ford opened a new shop in Kensington, London, and created this spicy, woody, erm, animalistic scent to celebrate. It's hectic, hedonistic, bold and sexy, just like the city itself.

4. Calvin Klein Reveal, ₹4,000. Created with attraction and seduction in mind, this mixes together notes like raw salt, crystallised ginger, brandy and Haitian vetiver. Sounds pretty tasty... You might want to drink it as well!

5. Artisan Acqua by John Varvatos, ₹4,000. With its handwoven rattan bottle, this has a one of a kind presentation. The fragrance itself is no different—fresh, modern and clean, with citrus and green notes that dissipate to a herbal and floral middle, before settling into a woody base of moss, patchouli and fir balsam.

6. L'Eau D'Issey Pour Homme Oceanic Expedition, ₹4,400. A twist on the original, this adds stronger notes of bergamot, petitgrain, ginger and aquatic notes, to further embody the strength and freshness of the ocean.

7. L'Eau D'Issey Pour Homme Sport Polar Expedition, ₹4,200. If anything is going to get you off the couch and exercise, this is it! With grapefruit, energising cypress and Alaskan cedarwood, it's as energetic as it is sexy.

8. HUGO Boss Bottled Collector's Edition Eau de Toilette 100ml, ₹4,800. Like a promotion in a bottle, this mixes confident fruit notes with warm spices and floral nuances.

9. Nuit D'Issey Pour Homme Austral Expedition, ₹4,400. This version takes the freshness of the original, adds some lime, Russian Coriander, leather and vetiver, and turns it into a pretty darn sexy scent.





SHAPE MATTERS



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7 DEADLY SINS

There are some things we do without thinking that are pretty healthy for us (like breathing, for instance). Others, not so much. Here are some grooming blunders you probably don't even know you're making, and how to correct them, with little effort.

1. OVER CLEANSING

Wait, clean skin is a good thing, right? Yes, but too clean can lead to dodgy skin, as it strips away the oils your skin needs to stay looking and feeling good. If you want a really great clean that makes your skin look awesome, try one of the new sonic cleansing gadgets. They whisk away even weeks-old grime, but at the same time boost blood flow to the skin, which helps your skin cells do their thing properly (which ultimately means a great looking dial!). Get your mitts on **A** Clinique Sonic System Purifying Brush, ₹7,300, and use it with a decent cleanser—not soap. Try **B** Clinique Take the Day Off Cleansing Balm, ₹2,700, www.clinique.com.

2. USING A DIRTY TOWEL TO WIPE AWAY SWEAT

This is one of the biggest skin sins you could commit. While no one digs sweat in the eye during a workout, using a filthy towel spreads bacteria over the skin, which ultimately equals congestion,

blackheads, zits and acne. What to do? Simple—make sure that a clean towel is the only thing that touches your face when you're working out!

3. RUNNING YOUR HANDS THROUGH HAIR

Assuming you've got hair left on your noggin, this is a huge no-no. Understandably, it's something you immediately do when your team is losing or your boss is giving you grief, but here are three reasons you shouldn't:

1 It spreads oil through your hair and leaves it looking greasy and drab.

2 It can weaken the hair strand and may cause it to break.

3 It transfers bacteria and dirt from your hands to your hair and scalp, which means you'll need to shampoo more often.

If you can't stop yourself, clean up oil slicks and dirt with a quality dry shampoo, like **C** Fudge Dry Shampoo, ₹1,000.

4. RESTING YOUR CHIN ON YOUR HANDS

For the same reason you shouldn't run your hands through your hair, never, ever rest your face in your hand. Unless you want oily, blemished and dirty skin, that is. Ditto for holding your phone between your chin and shoulder. Not only will you get a crick in your neck, you'll be depositing all kinds of grime on your face. Make sure you clean your phone every morning with a good anti-bacterial wipe, too. Try **D** Curash Gentle Anti-Bacterial Wipes, ₹250, www.curash.com.

5. COMBING/BRUSHING YOUR HAIR WRONG

Who knew there was a correct method? Well, there is. If your hair is longer, always start at the ends of your hair and work upwards gently and slowly, or you'll risk splitting and breaking your strands. And never brush wet hair even if it's super short—use a special detangling gadget like **E** The Man Brush Scalp Massager, ₹200.

6. TAPPING FINGERNAILS ON DESK

Aside from this being completely annoying for your colleagues, it places stress on your fingernails, weakening them and putting them at risk of splitting and breaking. Grab a stress ball, instead.

7. WEARING FRAGRANCE ON YOUR FACE

You've always thought that your face and neck were the places to splash your cologne on, right? Wrong! This exposes your skin to photosensitivity, which in layman's terms means when UV light hits the skin, it can react with the alcohol in your scent and cause a nasty, itchy rash. Keep fragrance application to where the sun don't shine (behind the ears and your wrists). Get your hands on the new **F** Reveal by Calvin Klein, from ₹4,000.



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FREE YOUR WAY

CUT, COLOUR & CAMO

The three factors you need to consider while deciding your summer wardrobe's do's and don'ts, straight from some of the country's coolest menswear designers and dressers.

By **P. S. BHAVANA**

THE CUTS

At shows in London and Milan, sharp hourglass silhouettes, fluid shapes and forms drew attention. Looks like we're heading into an era of neutral gender-isation in fashion. We saw waists cinched-in, belts wrapped externally (Miuccia Prada belted a long tunic shirt), and cummerbunds slipped on over blouses. If all this

softening makes little sense to you, here's how you can embrace the new trends without going over the gender line: Try narrow lowers, comfort fits, and structural shapes as alternatives (juxtaposed with your classics and basic silhouettes). Tip: For a wider shoulder, ask your tailor to pull in the waists for your shirts and jackets—you'll be in tune with the hourglass trend.

Dhruv Vaish

"Shorts, especially Bermudas, are good for warmer months. The bomber jacket has picked up and is here to stay."

Kunal Anil Tanna

"Structural and masculine silhouettes are in vogue. Experimentation is passé."

Siddharth Saigal, Wrap Studio

"Scarves in natural fibres such as 100 percent cotton and feather-silk are trending."

Suket Dhir

"In our designs, the soul of the garment is Indian. We have western silhouettes in Indian and earthy fabrics like wool, linen, Benarasi brocades, Ari

silks and Bhagalpuri cotton-silks. We are also moving away from skinny silhouettes to more comfort ones. Double-breasted suits are back, and so is the Indian *bandhgala*."

Nivedita Saboo

"Structured military-influenced ensembles (soldier-style) with deconstructed jackets, detachable sleeves, subtle metal embellishments, emblems and brooches and in lightweight breezy fabrics are in. Then you have jackets teamed with *kurtas*."

Paresh Lamba

"Techno blazers, printed bow ties, and monochromes with textures and patterns will make this season's classic combos interesting."



Above: Textured jackets by Dhruv Vaish
Below: Looks from Suket Dhir's new campaign



STYLISTS SPEAK

"Red is a big summer colour for men, especially the deep burnt shade of marsala (voted colour of the season by Pantone). Intense and manly, enjoy wearing it as polo shirts or accessories like ties and pocket squares."

NITASHA GAURAV, Mumbai

(Styles Ranveer Singh, Priyanka Chopra, Katrina Kaif, Jacqueline Fernandez, Parineeti Chopra and Sonakshi Sinha)

"Vintage art-deco-like prints, bohemian styles, lots of volume, khaki hues with hints of blood red, and cobalt (are in)."

JAYATI BOSE, Mumbai

(Styles Vidya Balan, Huma Qureshi, Alia Bhatt, Sonam Kapoor and others, and worked on movies like *Shaadi Ke Side Effects*)

THE COLOURS

Colour giant Pantone forecasted natural tones interspersed with deep foundation colours for unassuming sophistication. If you can visualise colour

taxonomy (probably thanks to the women in your lives), the list includes dusk, dazzling, placid and classic blues, glacier grey, treetop, toasted almond, magenta purple and purple haze, sandstone and herb. Next, army green dominated ensembles at Ermenegildo Zegna and Michael Kors, brick to blood reds at Dolce & Gabbana's matador-inspired show, and black returned in an impactful way at Givenchy and Tom Form. Inference: Play with classics, as usual, but also with not-so-manly colours, although judiciously, and sometimes as strong accents.

Dhruv Vaish

"A lot of bold colours like crimson red and greens on the darker side of the palate. And one can expect shades of purple and bright blues, too."

Kunal Anil Tanna

"Classic deep hues like burgundy, plum, and grape wine are an essential part of the palette."

Siddharth Saigal

"(Colours) will range from bright colours to muted tones and pastels."

Suket Dhir

"This time, we are playing with fresh colours like pastels, brights, and classics like linen, natural and ivory stay."

Nivedita Saboo

"Pastel tones of nude, blush, chalky blues and dewy green to deeper, richer tones of blue, burgundy and red, offset by leather and metal embellishments."

Paresh Lamba

"Neutrals, whites, patterns, shine, earthy colours will rule for men in the Indian market."



Above: Runway looks by Kunal Anil Tanna
Below: Printed scarves by Wrap Studio



THE CAMO DETAILS

We're talking wearable prints, textures, accessories and surface ornamentation. Think colour-blocked sneakers with dark ensembles (a la Kenzo, Philip Lim, and Louis Vuitton) if

you don't want to combine chunky hues. Opt for small, embroidered panels and dual-toned prints to stay true to the '70s vibe. Other trending concepts are three-tier layering as seen at Dries Van Noten and Givenchy, pin clustering at Dior and Hermès, and all-over prints at Louis Vuitton and Etro. Indian designers brought back Normcore in a big way.

Dhruv Vaish

"We're looking at prints, polka dots, colour blocking (it helps turn looks from day to night), and chest monograms, plus brooches and lapel pins to accessorise suits."

Kunal Anil Tanna

"Boxy cuts and florals."

Siddharth Saigal

"Brushstroke and tropical prints, tie and dye and shibori effects are trending as techniques."

Suket Dhir

"We are big on block prints. It is in our DNA. Then we work with *ikat* weaving techniques."

Nivedita Saboo

"Luxe, dramatic minimalism is the look of the season. Wear one statement piece and keep the rest of it simple. Combine an embellished jacket with a tonal bottom or vice versa, add a bold, quirky accessory or just go for a bright colour to stand out in a crowd! Also try big and bold colourful prints on jackets and trousers."

Paresh Lamba

"I'm working on new cuts for trousers like stylised panelling, innovative drapes, playing with the direction of prints and checks. Denim-on-denim will also rule."

DESIGNERS ON BOARD

Siddharth Saigal



Dhruv Vaish



Kunal Anil Tanna



Suket Dhir



Nivedita Saboo



Paresh Lamba



ANATOMY OF A BESPOKE SUIT

Timothy Everest, the legendary menswear couturier and customisation god, was in New Delhi to showcase a collection for The Woolmark Company recently. We took advantage and got him to deconstruct the makings of a classic made-to-measure suit.

by MEHER BAJWA



1 "The shoulders should be soft but confident—in line with a British suit."

2 "Buttons are usually made of real horn, but for evening wear or ceremonial occasions mother-of-pearl or polished corozo will complement a more luxurious fabric."

3 "The fit of your suit should be complementary to you whilst understanding current trends simultaneously, where relevant."

4 "Remember, a bespoke suit will always fit and look better than most off-the-peg ones, so don't over-style your first one."

5 "Fabric choice is important, not only for the tone and colour to suit you, but for the construction of a bespoke suit. With a handmade suit we work the fabric with the iron to achieve an all-over pleasing shape to enhance the cut. A quality of a Super 100's or more is preferred as used with Raymond's."

6 "The cut of a suit should complement the wearer and, being from a Savile Row background, I can tell you it should never be too mean or tight."

7 "The pockets used are a combination of the correct jetted flap with the occasional out ticket and patch pockets."

8 "The length of the jacket should not be overly short but elegant for business use. A shorter length is currently popular with an overall nod to the slimmer suits of the 1960s."



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AGENDA

MAN WITH A PLAN



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2015's HOTTEST POOL PARTY

(AND YOU'RE HOSTING IT!)

Peak summer months are meant for one thing, and one thing only—cocktail-fuelled, bikini-clad water soirées.

by MEHER BAJWA

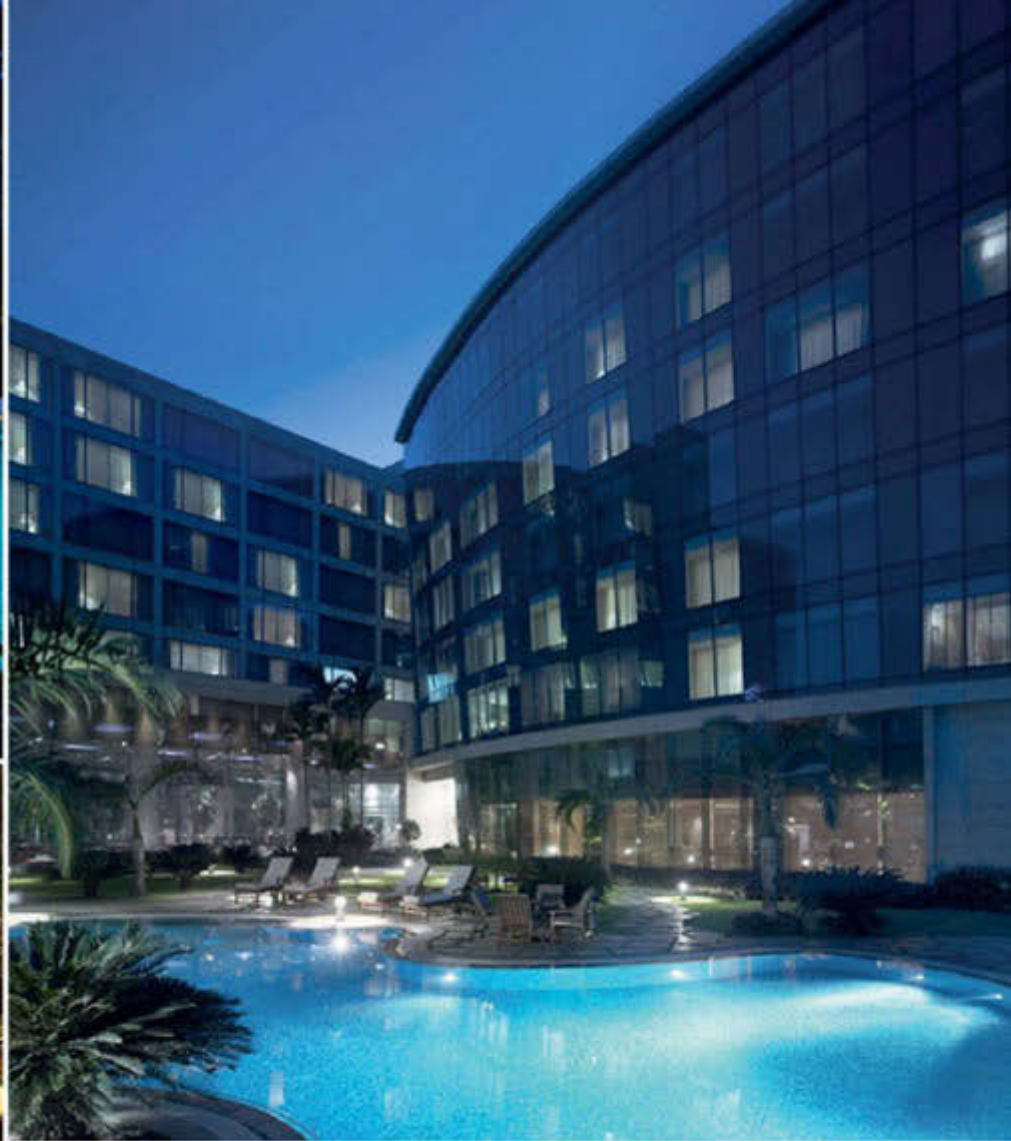
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With temperatures soaring to an all-time high every summer (the Capital's hitting 45 degrees!), it's always a good idea to prepare yourself with the best defence strategy there is—a couple of Old Fashioned(s), Bob Marley on the jam box, and a cool pool to dive into every few minutes. Social calendars are packed with weekend (and some weekday) saltwater invites starting June, but we've figured it's just always better to throw your own bash—personal swimming pool included. From Hawaiian luaus to vintage sundowners, we've gathered intel on the things that will have your guests anxious for their next invite.

THE BASICS: FIND A POOL

If you don't have a pool in the backyard, fear not! These hotels have your lagoon party needs covered. But we'd still recommend following our DIY party recommendations, because they are guaranteed fail-proof. You can host a memorable pool party at the following hotels:

1. The Gateway Resort, Damdama Lake, Gurgaon
2. Taj West End, Bengaluru
3. Taj Coromandel, Chennai
4. Lalit Resort & Spa, Bekal, Kerala
5. JW Marriott, Juhu, Mumbai
6. Hyatt Regency, Mumbai
7. The Claridges, New Delhi



LAGOON PARADISE ON LAND

(Clockwise from left) The infinity pool at the JW Marriott, Mumbai; the pool of the Taj West End, Bengaluru; the pool at the Hyatt Regency, Mumbai; a stunning view of the Lalit Resort & Spa pool in Bekal, Kerala

However, if you do happen to have a pool or a farmhouse with a pool, or a friend of a friend of a friend who owns one and is at your disposal, read on and take copious notes for your very own shindig.

PICK A THEME (OR DON'T)

Here's where you get creative and make your pool party unique to the others in the mix. You could either link your party to a specific beach like a Miami South Beach party with electro music and decor reminiscent of the Ultra Music Festival or a Rio de Janeiro theme party with Brazilian music and food, or a Jamaican-style party with pina coladas, fresh grilled pineapple and marimba music.

You could also venture into the territory of decade themes like a retro *Mad Men* theme or a Chinese festival theme with Chinese lanterns and paper dragons. If you don't feel the need to stick to a theme, don't. A pool party is kind of a theme in itself.

DECORATE: BUT NOT FOR HALLOWEEN

Unless you're going all out with your theme, you don't need in-your-face decor. It's essential to have the pool area neat and clean, instead of cluttered with streamers and other such items. Instead of having one food buffet table, get four-five mini food stations spread across the party zone—this ensures people walk around and mingle, and

don't just mill around the one food area. A great idea is to have mood lighting using small candles or lanterns around the area as your party goes on into the evening. Order a few vases of flowers if you want to add that extra touch of sophistication. Remember to set up and test your sound system well in advance—no one wants to hang around at a dud party with no music.

INVITES: SPREADING THE WORD

Paper invites are too formal for a summer party and just sending a text comes across as too lazy (trust us, we've read the studies). The ideal way to go is to send out e-mail invitations and then make follow-up phone



KEEP THE FOOD AND DRINKS LIGHT!

A bartender is essential to the success of any party. You don't need a full bar, just a few cocktails and the regulars like beer and wine, of course. Make sure yours can whip up the following summer-appropriate drinks: 3. Berry Julep; 4. Earl-Y-Gin; 7. Pina Colada (as served at Smoke House Deli, New Delhi—for full recipes visit maximindia.in). Set up a table of food so everyone has access to it and you won't need to hire guys in bowties to serve stuff (unless you want to). Keep the munchies light because you don't want your guests feeling too stuffed to actually take a dip in the pool. We like the following—you could either place an order for them or try making some on your own!

1. Balinese Chicken Satay at The Backyard; 2. Tenderloin Minute Steak at The Hungry Monkey; 5. Death Wings at Def. Col. Social; 6. Glazed Chicken Spiedini at Fio Cookhouse; 8. Tandoori Quail at Gastronomica.

calls for RSVPs. The invite should be fun and indicative of the mood and theme of your party. Catchy lines like “swimsuits only” or “poolside cocktails” are a great way to get people interested and informed about the nature of your party. Do specify a dress code if you want one. You could always ask your friends to spread the word and send out the invite to their respective groups, depending on how many people you want attending your party.

MAKE A LIST: DON'T FORGET THE DETAILS

Start checking off the boxes to ensure you've got it all together before you flag off the party of the summer!

1. Stack freshly laundered towels on a table next to the pool to give your party a luxury spa feeling.
2. Use a couple of bright towels to add colour

to your party area.

3. Have a range of sunscreens of different strengths placed near the towels.
4. Sun umbrellas and lounge chairs are essential for pool-side lounging.
5. Set up one of your bathrooms to serve as a changing area and after-swim shower area.
6. Fill the bathroom with luxuriously scented liquid soaps and shampoos.
7. Create a collection of moisturisers, aloe vera and other essentials and leave it in the bathroom.
8. As a little gift for your guests, leave straw hats or bright sarongs on each lounge chair.
9. Gather swim essentials like swimming caps and goggles and place them on the table with the towels.
10. And the reason why you're doing all this in the first place... don't forget to have a heck of a good time!



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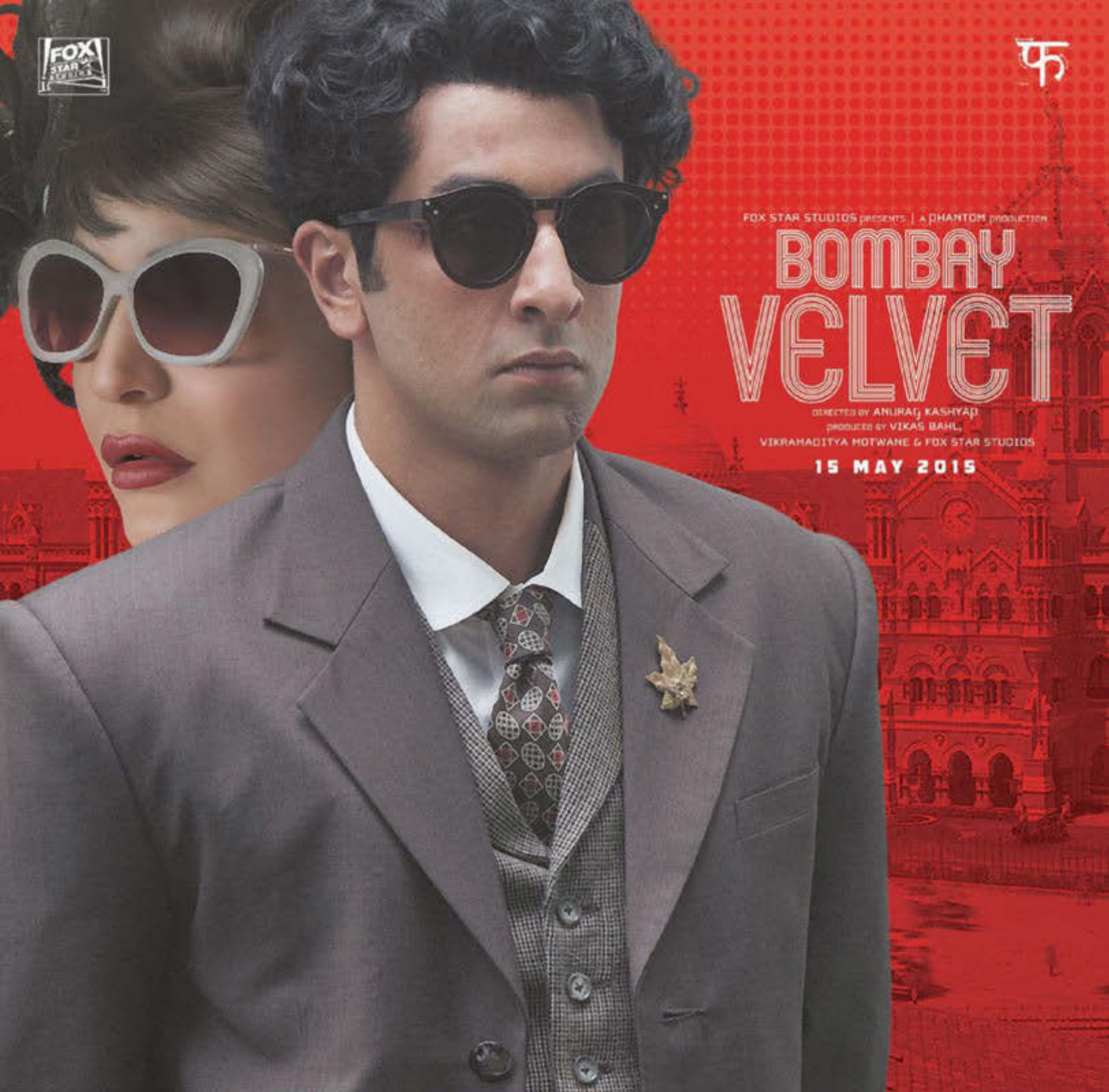
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SUNGLASSES

ROUGH AND READY

With women swooning over the hairy he-man type known as the “lumbersexual,” it’s time for average guys to put down the waxing strip and seize the moment.

by GABRIELLA PAIELLA

THE SEX WAS GOOD. “A little bit rough, in the best way,” says Emily, a slender, 26-year-old blonde who bedded a scruffy, muscular Alaskan named Matt while he was vacationing in New York not long ago. After too many dates with wishy-washy Brooklynites, she found Matt’s assertiveness and hardy, *Man vs. Wild* looks (less Christian Grey and more Brawny Paper Towel Guy) an irresistible turn-on. And that was before she found out Matt actually worked for a logging company. “Clean-shaven is not my thing,” she explains. “Give me broad shoulders, give me a beard. I want a man who can make things.”

She’s in luck. The lumbersexual (like his quirkiest cousin, the beardo) first appeared in hipster enclaves like Bushwick, Portland, and Austin several years back. Before long his calloused, manly fingerprints were all over the popular imagination, and fashion-forward dudes everywhere were donning \$25,000 flannel shirts and raw, meticulously prebattered denim in his image.

Now dating sites are hopping on the trend: LumberMatch and Bristlr pair the burly and the hirsute with the women who love them.

Not familiar with the type? As writer Tom Puzak put it when he coined the term last fall, the lumbersexual seems “like a man of the woods...his backpack carries a MacBook Air but looks like it should carry a lumberjack’s axe.” In urban centres, he is likely a chef, a tattoo artist, a metalsmith, or a tech guy who’s simply lost his razor. And he is giving the metrosexual a run for his money.

Not since the days of westward expansion have women so eagerly fetishised the thick musculature and red-blooded mind-set of the rugged outdoorsman. Take the popular blog Your LL Bean Boyfriend, which displays photos of strapping models in nubby, shawl-collared knitwear with the tagline “He will build you a table and then have sex with you on it.” Or the

bewhiskered indie rocker, Justin Vernon of Bon Iver, who kicked off his solo career in an isolated cabin in the wilderness.

Actress Megan Mullally found her lumbersexual mate-for-life in actor and boatbuilder Nick Offerman, of *Parks and Recreation* fame. Before she met Offerman, Mullally says, “I had dated these androgynous, semigayish rock ‘n’ roll drummer types.” The first summer, Mullally visited Offerman in Minnesota: “Nick had this idea to take a romantic ride onto the lake at midnight on this pontoon. He left the headlight on as we were sort of drifting, and when he went to start the motor, it was dead. So he rowed us to shore with one paddle. It took four hours. And that was my first taste of the superhero within.”

Michael Kimmel, Ph.D., a leading masculinity scholar, says that by choosing to dress like woodsmen and seafarers, lumbersexuals are “evoking workplaces that were all-male (and) required a tremendous amount of physical strength.” He calls the trend “the sartorial equivalent of *Fight Club*.”

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Lumbersexuality serves as a welcome release from the oppressive cubicle-dwelling lifestyle—even if the bulk of time a lumbersexual spends in the great outdoors is devoted to drinking craft beers on a bar patio.

Now the fantasy has crept into the mainstream: See Julian Edelman’s beard (opposite page), by far one of the most viral takeaways from the Super Bowl—second, perhaps, to the most swooned-over farmer ever to lose a puppy. Meanwhile, reality series that explore gritty environments—*Deadliest Catch*, *Black Gold*, *Ice Road Truckers*, *Alaskan Bush People*—have become highly rated TV staples, due in no small part to their erotic appeal to a certain female viewership.

Hollywood, too, has been falling at the steel-toed work boots of the lumbersexual. Take Matthew McConaughey, who has been sporting an unkempt beard that might read as “hermit in the woods”...were it not for the stunning wife at his side. Chris Pratt may have toned up for *Guardians of the Galaxy*, but it’s his affable scruffiness that grabbed millions of women in the first place. Charlie Hunnam of *Sons of Anarchy* may boast a serious man bun, but he’s still the platonic ideal of a rustic bad boy. And *Game of Thrones* is a veritable cavalcade of raspy-voiced virility.

So what does this mean for real guys—everyday men who make their livings well beyond the confines of Greenpoint or Silver Lake, who know their way around a crankshaft and can split a piece of timber, who hunt and fish and may never once have thought of a pipe wrench as a fashion accessory?

Your moment has arrived, gentlemen. You’re hot. It’s time to take full advantage.

Because these other guys, the hipster dudes with the checked wool A.P.C. shirts? They’ve been biting your style and reaping the romantic rewards for far too long. Women don’t actually want a pale facsimile of a rigorous manly man: They want the genuine article.

Julianne, 29, a sexy Southerner, just calls them “country dudes.” Based on her personal investigations, she finds the type is generally well endowed and skilled in bed. “They have been almost uniformly super-psyched to get me naked, in a vocal but not aggressive way,” she enthuses, “and very interested in making sure I’m having a good time.” She fondly recalls “repeatedly banging an avid duck hunter in the back of a pickup truck in a rural Georgia forest.”

Turns out that hard work—the kind that doesn’t require a mouse pad—might actually pay off after all.



Bearded and proud:
AFC Champion
Julian Edelman

PLAY TIME

Summer calls for the release of the year's most-awaited games. Here's our review of the toppers.

by CHRIS STEAD

JUST ANNOUNCED



WOLFENSTEIN: THE OLD BLOOD (PS4, XBO, PC)

After its hugely successful return in *The New Order* last year, *Wolfenstein* is back again with this standalone expansion. Don't expect much evolution in the gameplay, which will remain a cover-based, first-person shooter rooted in old-school dynamics, but showcased with wonderful modern visuals.

MORTAL KOMBAT X



Long Story Short:

Kicking guts, gore and arse all over your computer screen for over two decades, the *Mortal Kombat* series needs little introduction. The latest release in the long lineage almost feels like a best of, while still transitioning the lore into a new phase. Indeed, 10 new characters (including guests Jason Voorhees and The Predator) join the roster of 30-odd fighters, and the story mode transitions the lore 25 years into the future. The intense X-Ray vision attacks, which got the last game banned in Australia, return, as do fatalities, brutalities and the new quitilities (for those who jump out of an online battle). Adding plenty of extra depth is an online faction mode (where you fight as a team with others online) and three different fighting styles for each character, which you can transition through in a fight. The gameplay is tight, raw and as fun as it has always been, and modernised combat with elements like interactive stages keep it all fresh!

Format: PC, PS4, XBO, PS3, 360, iOS, Android

DARK SOULS 2: SCHOLAR OF THE FIRST SIN



Long Story Short:

Dark Souls 2 is a bit of a love/hate experience, but if you can stomach its slow-measured combat, brutal difficulty and intense level design, your love will run very, very deep. Already a huge hit on old-generation consoles, the game is now available on next-gen formats in its ultimate form. It's not the most glorious HD remake out there in terms of visuals but make no mistake, it remains an incredibly rich and detailed world, filled with iconic enemies and jaw-dropping vistas. A third-person,

melee-based action-RPG, the game excels at bringing strategy to an experience which has commonly opted for button-bashing combos. Turn off your brain for a second and you'll get skewered! Next-gen gamers score an enhanced version of the base game with new content, characters, beats and gameplay refinements, but also the three sizeable DLC expansions. A heck of a lot of game!

Format: PS4, XBO, PC

PILLARS OF ETERNITY



Long Story Short:

Old-school RPGs in the style of *Baldur's Gate* or *Icewind Dale* don't come along too often in the modern world of cinematic blockbusters, but *Pillars of Eternity* is the perfect throwback. It opts for an isometric view, with players managing a party of up to six characters exploring a vast fantasy-set world. Combat unfolds in real-time, but you can pause the action at any time to better orchestrate your tactics. This is a deep RPG, with tens of hours of gameplay, dungeons galore to explore,



backstories to every bit of loot you discover and plenty of time spent contemplating which attributes to level-up, what to sell off and meeting a huge variety of foes in the field of battle. If you were a fan of the genre in the late nineties and early two thousands, then developer Obsidian (whose legacy includes genre heavyweights like *Icewind Dale*, *Neverwinter Nights* and *Planescape: Torment*) will please you greatly with *Pillars of Eternity*.

Format: PC



MAD MAX (PC, XBO, PS4)

With a September 2 release date *Mad Max* the game will feature new screens and a stack of new info. Crafting will play a large role, as you build new weapons and the tools you will need to upgrade your vehicle. The massive wasteland will be quite the place to explore, as you switch between stealth, melee, on-foot and vehicular combat.



STAR WARS: BATTLEFRONT (PC, XBO, PS4)

Everything *Star Wars* is hot again, and with a new film due later this year, it's no wonder the reboot of the franchise's legendary multiplayer FPS *Star Wars: Battlefront* series will also appear before Christmas. This is a just-released piece of concept art, but we need little evidence to be convinced this game will kick serious arse. It's being made by DICE, the developer behind the amazing *Battlefield* series, after all.

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SKATEBOARDS
BOSS STYLE
LUXE OFFICE
SUPPLIES
THE FUTURE OF
HUMAN TECH

HELL CAT

A naked version of Suzuki's renowned sports bikes, the next-gen GSX-S1000 wants to make an impression.

by MEHER BAJWA

THE GSX-S1000 IS THE FIRST IN LINE FROM SUZUKI'S BRAND NEW GSX-S FAMILY of stripped-down street sports bikes. A product of the GSX-R750 family tree, and closely related to the GSX-RR, the company's new MotoGP race horse, 2016's GSX-S1000 is a great example of the evolution of performance-packed hard parts evolving from one generation to the next. The bike is powered by a 999cc inline, four-cylinder power plant, making it ideal for street riding. There's also Brembo monobloc callipers from the current GSX-R1000 and three-mode traction control. The anti-lock braking system (ABS) version of the GSX-S1000 will cost you around ₹9,40,000, and the GSX-S1000FA version with a more aggressively-styled fairing will set you back by ₹9,90,000.



EASY RIDER

The latest electric skateboard conquers hills, hits 30 kmph on level ground, and travels 25 km on a single charge.

Skateboards are built for short distances and big air. Lengthy rides? Not so much. Commute to the office on one and you'll be sodden with sweat from what Lupe Fiasco called the "kick...push." The electric ZBoard 2 Blue is designed for the long haul. Fitted with a high-efficiency, 500-watt brushless motor, the 7-kg board can outpace a North American roadrunner. It works like this: A pair of curved, pressure-sensitive footpads on the deck engage an accelerator and a set of brakes. The system is responsive and easy to guide—all that's required is a little balance. No, the electric cruiser's not meant for kickflips, rail grinds, or even ollies (the engine sits on the deck's underside), but it can zip up hills and conquer distances that would leave other riders relacing their Vans and preparing for a long walk home. ₹77,000; zboardshop.com

TEXT: MATT BERICAL; STYLING: WAYNE GROSS; BIKINI: TRIANGL SWIMWEAR;
HAIR: CLARK PHILLIPS AT ARTMIX CREATIVE; MAKE-UP: SAMUEL PAUL AT FORWARD ARTISTS

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TOOL TIME

The key to life is simple: Work faster, play more. Any gadget that doesn't advance this noble quest has no business in your briefcase. Here, a few that do.

by ERIK SOFGE



I MIGHT MAKES WRITE

E-mail may begin the deal, but pens still sign on the dotted line. These three writing tools make the case for cursive:

(From left) **The Monteverde One Touch Tool Pen** gets work done. In addition to its smooth, reliable ballpoint, it houses nine different instruments, including a

double-sided screwdriver (flat and Phillips). Kitchen sink sold separately. **From ₹1,900;** monteverdepens.com

Never again let a latte spill ruin a billion-dollar brainstorm. (Hate when that happens.) In addition to scribbling like a standard ballpoint, the **Livescribe 3 Pro Edition** pairs with an iPhone or iPad via Bluetooth and flings your

brilliant ideas to the cloud. It even records audio. **₹13,000;** store.livescribe.com

The new aluminium, wood-accented hardtop from acclaimed Ferrari design firm Pininfarina never needs a fill-up: instead of standard ink, the **Forever Pininfarina Cambiano** uses a metal-alloy tip that galvanises any paper it touches. **₹7,500;** yafa.com



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II

ALWAYS BE JUICING

We've all been there: Squatting by a stray Starbucks outlet to suckle a few more drops of charge. No more. Slim as a smartphone, the easily stowable 300-gm Anker 2nd Gen Astro E4 dual-device battery refuels tablets once or most phones more than twice. ₹5,700; ianker.com

III

BE YOUR OWN HOTSPOT

The promise of stable, go-anywhere wireless Internet access typically requires a monthly data contract. The **Karma Go** is free of such Faustian deals. You buy it outright and pay in advance for data that never expires (₹890 per GB), ₹9,500; yourkarma.com

IV

NEVER LOSE ANYTHING

What good is having a mess of gear if you're always misplacing it? The **Nokia Treasure Tag Mini** is here to help. Synced with your phone and secured to a bag, the device plots its location on an app and pings you when it's

out of range. The Tag lasts six months on a single battery and saves hours of wandering the airport like a lunatic. ₹1,100; microsoft.com

V

POWER UP YOUR PHONE

It takes a lot for an app to score prime home-screen placement. But **Expensify** (from ₹300 a month), which organises trip expenditures by capturing receipts and miles travelled, makes the cut. So do **Timeful** (free), a calendar app that syncs with your schedule and suggests ways to up efficiency, and **Turboscan** (₹190), which captures images as pdfs.

VI

STREAM YOUR DECK

Plug the **Airtame** into any TV's or projector's HDMI port to beam whatever is currently on the screen of your phone, tablet, or computer. Setting up a PowerPoint—or showing everyone that incredible gallery on Maximindia.in—is as easy as streaming *House of Cards*. ₹9,500; airtame.com

II



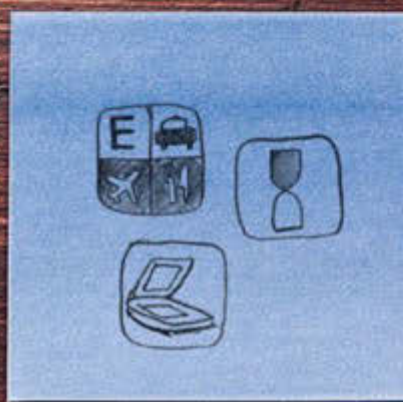
III



IV



V



VI



**VII
COMBINE YOUR CABLES**

Never dig through a nest of cords again. This **Brunton Power Knife's** Swiss Army approach to cables has Apple (30-pin and Lightning) and micro-USB connectors on one side and a standard USB on the other for simple syncing and refuelling. ₹1,600; brunton.com

**VIII
GET KEYED UP**

Near-full-size keys and a built-in stand make the **Zagg Pocket** ideal for getting to work on a big phone or a small tablet; the Bluetooth board's foldable design makes it easy to stash when the job is done. ₹4,500; zagg.com

**IX
TURBOCHARGE YOUR TABLET**

Google's Nexus 9 is a processing powerhouse, the first to feature both a 64-bit CPU and a 64-bit OS (the newest, most stable

iteration of Android). Ideal for jumping from Excel to Skype without a hint of lag. From ₹25,000; play.google.com

**X
DITCH THE DRIVE**

With no moving parts and up to a terabyte of memory, the ultracompact **Samsung SSD T1** is the ideal way to take your work on the road—or steal the secrets of an unfriendly foreign principality, should the opportunity present itself. From ₹11,500; samsung.com

**XI
USE A HACK-PROOF WALLET**

Know this: Armies of thieves would like nothing better than to steal your identity and destroy your life. Thwart their best efforts with the **Wocket Smart Wallet**, which combines your cards into a single device accessible via voice or PIN. ₹9,500; rocketwallet.com



WEARABLE, UNBEARABLE

Resist the onslaught of “wearable tech,” from smartwatches and fitness trackers to the recently shattered Google Glass.

by ADAM K. RAYMOND

Thanks to science, computer chips are now so tiny and versatile, they can function virtually anywhere. So like an unruly toddler with a brand-new pack of stickers, tech innovators have decided to slap them all over their bodies—and ours. The resulting “wearables” are the hottest thing in Silicon Valley since overearnest mission statements and zippered hoodies.

They’re also useless gimmicks that often sound like discarded ideas from a *Spy Hard* brainstorming session. There are GPS-connected shoes that actually relay directions by vibrating your feet, leg sensors that sync up to a drumming app when you slap your knee, and even a wristband that constantly records audio and saves 60-second clips with

the push of a button. Think of all the “that’s what she said”s that have been lost to history!

The good news? Such devices are already going the way of the electric egg scrambler. Gartner Inc., which tracks the “hype cycle” of new tech, notes expectations are falling as the category heads toward the “trough of disillusionment.” (The phrase, which sounds like the name of an emo band, refers to the moment when interest fades and everyone moves on.)

Not even the big boys are winning with wearables. Nearly two years after Google Glass launched, it was pulled from the market after being widely derided as a goofy luxury item synonymous with Silicon Valley pretension. Samsung is having so much trouble getting its

smartwatch right, it has released six versions in roughly a year. Then there’s Apple, which says its watch—which isn’t fully functional unless you’re also carrying an iPhone—“represents a new chapter in the relationship people have with technology.” Maybe...if the chapter is called “Trying to keep track of two devices when one was more than adequate.”

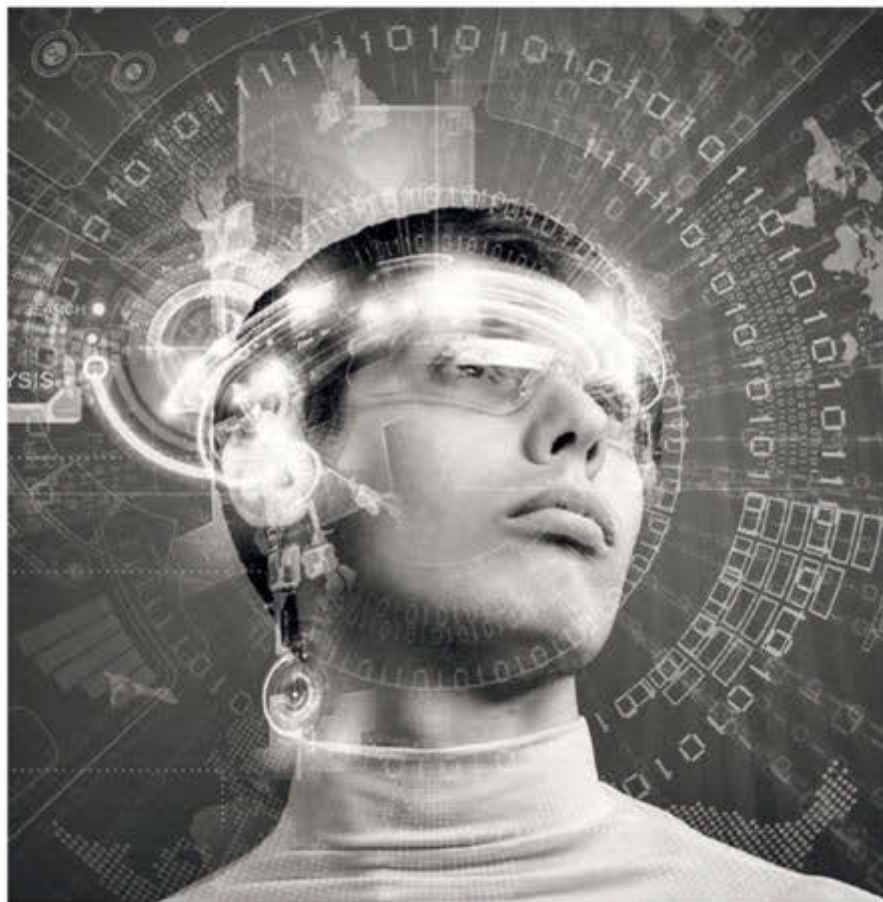
Boasting clocks, calendars, cameras, and apps, smartwatches are a hell of a lot like smartphones, except most don’t make calls. That leaves companies scrambling to justify their existence, often by touting them as a solution to problems that don’t exist. Here’s some Sony ad copy for its SmartWatch: “At work, you can be discreetly notified of incoming e-mail, calendar events, and other important information.” Because who wants to suffer the shame of being caught reading e-mail at work?

As lame as they are, smartwatches aren’t what makes the wearable revolution deplorable; it’s the fringe gadgets. Take Mimo, a onesie that tracks your sleeping baby’s breathing and body position—perfect for the new parent who needs more stress. Or No More Woof, a headset that claims to translate canine thoughts into human language. Now when your dog barks, you’ll know he’s really saying: “I just pooped in your shoes because you’re too busy analysing the data from your smart underwear to walk me.”

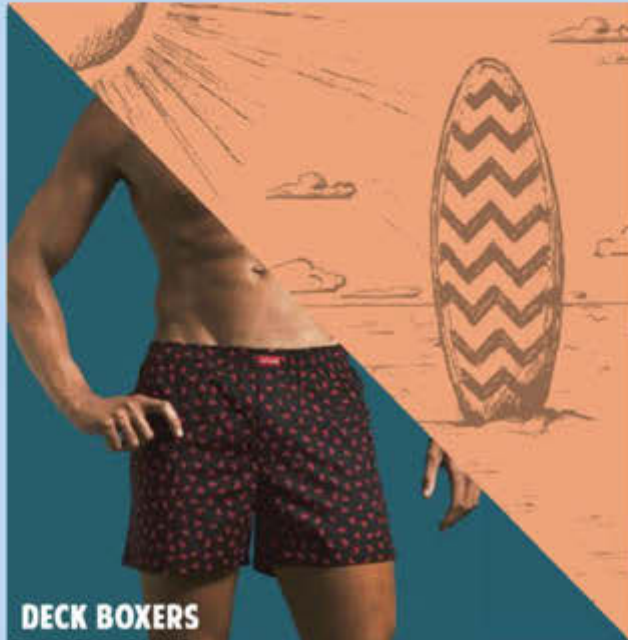
It’s not enough to do dumb things; these products also *look* dumb. From Google Glass to fitness trackers, wearables are at worst hideous, and at best, not completely hideous.

But the real reason to resist the onslaught is not aesthetics or functionality but privacy. These devices generate information that can be easily exploited. Last year such data was used as courtroom evidence for the first time, ushering in an era where our gizmo-monitored movements can be used against us.

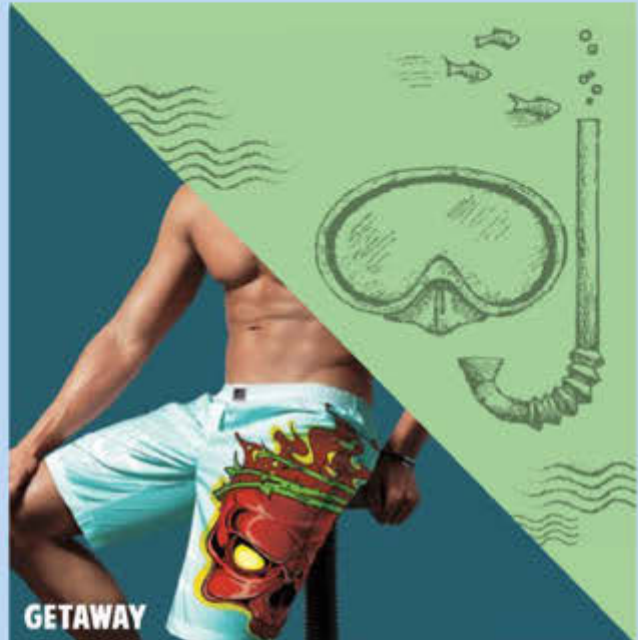
So let’s add *pernicious* to *redundant* and *expensive*. While we’re at it, let’s also add *soon to be obsolete*. Because however much tech firms want you to think wearables are the future, they’re already on their way to being outmoded...by implantables. After all, who needs a smartwatch when you can have a state-of-the-art sensor surgically embedded right in your occipital lobe?



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LISA HAYDON

IT'S CLEAR THAT THIS LEGGY, BRONZED GODDESS EMBODIES
WHAT OUR DREAMS ARE MADE OF. TALKING TO *MAXIM* ABOUT
HER BREAKOUT SUCCESS, LIVING A GYPSY'S LIFE, HER FIRST LOVES
AND THE FUTURE, **LISA HAYDON** QUAINLY DESCRIBES HERSELF
AS "EVERYTHING AND NOTHING."

by MEHER BAJWA

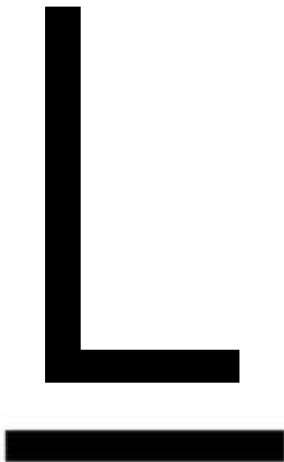


PREVIOUS PAGE

One-shoulder swimsuit by Michael Kors ₹20,000; vintage Versace Medusa earrings by Viange ₹35,000; leather-covered bangle by Rara Avis at Minerali ₹3,900; woven snake bangle by Rara Avis ₹5,900

THIS PAGE

Doris bikini by Moeva London ₹12,300; hand-embroidered jacket by Rahul Mishra (p.o.r.); Hampi cuffs by Isharya ₹17,280 each.



LISA HAYDON IS EASILY ONE OF MY favourite celebrities to interview, and it's because she doesn't really act like a 'star': She's warm and spontaneous, doesn't censor her thoughts, and mostly, she's just a really cool girl to hang out with. So it doesn't come as a surprise when she tells me a large part of her bohemian attitude towards life comes from being brought up by an equally cool mother.

"My mom moved to India 35 years ago, and she worked with Mother Teresa. She married an Indian and she's had eight children. It was all very radical for that day and age. She's always lived her life in a very alternative, free-spirited kind of way. I think that has definitely rubbed off on me. Now that I'm in my 20s I realise how many of my parents' traits I see in myself. I'm really happy about that because it's given me a sense of adventure, and I'm so incredibly curious about the world."

think that's the point of a balanced life. I'm not attached to any particular profession, to be honest. I enjoy what I do, I think it gives me a lot of liberty. But yeah, you're very likely to find me doing absolutely anything in the near future."

Would that "absolutely anything" include being a skydiving professional or a shark swimming instructor? "I swim with sharks! I do not jump out of planes. I have vertigo. There are some things I just will not do. People are like 'I wanna go skydiving' and I'm like 'na-uh.' Or bungee jumping. I mean who wants to go up and down, and up and down. It's making me nauseous just thinking about it."

Moving past things that make her nauseous, Lisa takes a couple of minutes to recall the answer to my next question: Her first boy crush.

"Oh, my God! I have to think so far back. I was so unattractive when I was in school. I

"IT'S VERY LIKELY THAT YOU'LL FIND ME DOING SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT TO WHAT I DO NOW. I LIKE TO RIDE HORSES...GO SKIING..."

And that curiosity is what led Lisa to travel through dozens of countries around the world as a successful newbie model in her late teens. It's also the reason why she can't give up the gypsy life. "Right now it's very hard for me to imagine being in one place for the rest of my life. Because I never have been. I think that also sculpts your character in the sense that you get to experience a different lifestyle in every culture in every country—they're all so different. I definitely wouldn't be happy living in one place now. I think it's made me very adaptable, very social and I think I understand people very well."

Given her current success in the entertainment industry, you'd be surprised to know she hasn't got a five-year career or life plan that involves movies or modelling. "It's very likely that you'll find me doing something very different to what I do now. Even now, while I'm acting and modelling I still do very different things. I like to ride horses, and, you know, go skiing and do all that kinda stuff. I

swear. If I showed you pictures of myself, you would not believe it was me. I was very dorky. I had frizzy hair and buck teeth. People used to call me 'fishy lips' or 'big eyes.' Then I had braces for five years. So I would never even consider doing anything about my crushes. My first boyfriend, though, I had when I was 15. I had just got my braces taken off and I met him. And he liked me. And he was from California, was blonde, had these blue-green eyes and he was a surfer. He was so cute and all the girls liked him. I was astounded that he had a crush on me!"

Lisa's in a reminiscent mood and it suddenly feels like we're sitting in the DeLorean DMC-12 (from *Back To The Future*). Fast-forwarding to the present before we wrap up, Lisa lets on that it's not easy to impress her: "I like someone who takes control of the situation, is confident and charming. There's not much you can do to impress me. You either have it or you don't—I can't lay it out for you." 📷

“RIGHT NOW IT’S
VERY HARD FOR ME
TO IMAGINE BEING
IN ONE PLACE FOR
THE REST OF MY
LIFE. BECAUSE I
NEVER HAVE BEEN.”

Claudia bikini by Moeva
London ₹15,000; organza
cape by Rohit + Rahul
₹7,250; leather bracelet
woven with interlinked
chain ₹4,500, leather
bracelet with gold buckle
₹3,500 and razor bangle
₹2,900, all by Rara Avis









THIS PAGE

Provocateur swimsuit by
Intimate Street ₹18,715; cape
by The Kayys ₹70,026; disco
mirror ball earrings by Isharya
₹7,080; Kelly peep-toes by
Trésmode ₹3,900

OPPOSITE PAGE

One-shoulder swimsuit by
Michael Kors ₹20,000;
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NO NEEDLES. NO ACNE. JUST PURE MUSCLE. CAN A NEW CLASS OF UNAPPROVED, UNREGULATED DRUGS BE BETTER THAN STEROIDS? MEET THE GUYS RISKING THEIR HEALTH TO FIND OUT.

by JAKE ROSSEN

T

THE MK-677 HAD ARRIVED ON DANIEL'S*

DOORSTEP IN A PLAIN BROWN BOX AND WAS AS DARK AS URINE. DANIEL STOOD IN HIS BATHROOM, DRAWING THE SERUM INTO AN ORAL SYRINGE, INVESTIGATING ITS COLOUR AND CONSISTENCY. ONCE IT CHECKED OUT, HE LET THE LIQUID FALL ONTO HIS TONGUE. IT BLUDGEONED HIS TASTE BUDS WITH AN ACRID, SINUS-SCORCHING FLAVOUR. THE NEXT DAY, HE WENT TO THE GYM. DANIEL IS A 39-YEAR-OLD SURGEON. IN COLLEGE, HE WAS AN ATHLETE—LEAN, MUSCLED. BUT FOUR YEARS OF MED SCHOOL LEFT HIM 22.5 KILOS HEAVIER, AND HE HAD LITTLE TIME TO SWEAT IT OFF. LIFTING BROUGHT HIM SOME SOLACE, BUT THE GAINS CAME SLOWLY. FRUSTRATED, DANIEL SOUGHT AN EDGE. STEROIDS WERE OUT OF THE QUESTION: "I COULD LOSE MY LICENCE," HE SAYS. BUT THEN,

while combing the Web for an alternative, he discovered MK-677, a chemical originally intended for Alzheimer's patients. In an ill-considered health gamble that would rightly horrify most medical professionals, he did a little "research" on anonymous online forums and started taking MK-677 along with another chemical. Five weeks into his trial run, he deadlifted 151 kilos three times; a month ago he could barely bring that weight off the ground. It didn't end there. He began strapping 25 kilos to his waist for dips (up from 11) and banging out three sets of 10. He tacked on seven kilos to his overhead press, too.

"My wife was like, 'Hey, your arms look bigger,'" he says.

Daniel is part of a community of hormonal hobbyists looking to get cut—and cut corners doing it. Risking their long-term health on a

largely untested and powerful substance in order to obtain what they consider an ideal masculine physique, they're experimenting with selective androgen receptor modulators, or SARMs. Originally designed to strengthen cancer patients and to combat the withering of old age, these chemicals in low doses seem to enhance growth receptors without affecting testosterone levels. On bodybuilding forums and black-market sites, the drugs are being positioned as a cutting-edge alternative to steroids: No strict regimen of injections; no man boobs, anger issues, or acne. Best of all, the muscle appears to stick around after the dosing stops.

But you won't find them on the shelves at GNC; SARMs are chemicals developed for critical medical interventions. None of the compounds has ever made it out of clinical

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THE DAMAGE DONE

No one knows what the long-term effects of SARMs will be. So far, here's what self-dosers have discovered.

TINTED VISION

Many experimenting with the SARM S-4 have experienced a greenish hue in their eyesight. This is the result of the molecule binding to the ocular receptor and leads to a semi-permanent loss of night vision.

LOW TESTOSTERONE

High doses of SARMs seem to affect testosterone, and patients have had their hormone levels and immune system wrecked.

RAISED ENZYMES

Users have indicated greatly increased levels of both liver and kidney enzymes—often an early cancer indicator.

trials or been studied in the amounts taken by men like Daniel. Their long-term effects are unknown. One study was aborted after test mice began bleeding from the rectum. But due to a loophole in federal law, SARMs can be purchased from secondhand pharmacological websites—that is, if buyers affirm that the drugs are being bought for “research purposes” for use on “laboratory animals.”

One evening while driving home from work, Daniel noticed his vision had gone green—as though food colouring had been dropped onto his pupils. His eyes were hazy, unable to focus under bright lights. Despite the obvious dangers to patients he operated on, Daniel didn't seem to worry. “It's one of the effects recorded in trials,” he reasons. “At least I know I'm getting the real deal.”

LIKE SO MANY PHARMACEUTICAL

breakthroughs, SARMs were created accidentally. In 1997 doctors James Dalton and Duane Miller were searching for ways to block testosterone from aggravating receptors in the prostate. Along the way they inadvertently created compounds that activated certain muscle pathways while leaving others alone.

Known as the mother of all steroids, testosterone increases protein synthesis. Take it in excess and you'll fill out your shirt until you can't button the collar. Same with oral anabolics, which are liver toxic and frequently used with testosterone to build mass. But both are non-selective and carpet bomb the body, triggering receptors that prompt not only cellular growth but also hair loss, skin problems, and excess estrogen. When castrated mice were given an early SARM, however, muscle enlargement was far more significant than any other mild effect.

Dalton and Miller licensed their compound to pharmaceutical company GTx, Inc. and began developing the drugs as a treatment for muscle loss. GTx moved ahead with MK-2866, dubbing it Ostarine. Ligand Pharmaceuticals invested in another formulation, LGD-4033. Merck's MK-677, a SARM-like chemical, was

designed to counteract growth deficiencies; GlaxoSmithKline's GW-501516 resulted in extreme endurance, with test rodents running 92 percent longer than average.

Dalton knew what would follow. Bodybuilders are always first in line for any drug with the potential to accelerate muscle growth, and it wasn't long before profit-hungry labs supplying U.S. dealers began copying formulas out of journals. Drugs unsanctioned by the FDA are illegal to sell for human consumption, so most SARMs come in foul-tasting liquid form under the label of “research chemicals.” Several dozen websites peddle them. They accept all major credit cards; a few even traffic in bitcoin.

According to Rick Collins, an attorney specialising in steroid-related cases, both seller and buyer often know there's no animal research. “The only one in the dark is the agency that's supposed to be supervising the situation—the FDA,” he says. The Food and Drug Administration didn't respond to requests for comment.

Most sites don't list dosing instructions, so a thriving community of self-experimenters has emerged on online forums to swap tips and horror stories. One user who started taking SARMs at 17 claimed they wrecked his hormones. Others fretted about organ toxicity and liver damage.

Ed, a 101-kilo data analyst and part-time bodybuilder, isn't worried. “I'm absolutely a guinea pig,” he says.

For Ty, who has less than 10 percent body fat, testimonies on the forums “tend to convince me I won't be killing myself,” he says. He guesses he's used Ostarine nine times. Each multiweek cycle resulted in 2.7 kilos of mass and additional definition.

Ed added 3.6 kilos during one cycle. Sure, anabolics could tack on roughly 4.5 to seven in the same period, but the schedule can be exhausting: twice-weekly or daily injections, pills to avoid breast-tissue growth, and increased likelihood of a cardiovascular event. What's more, with anabolics, “wet” gains—



those that result in water retention—are often urinated away after cycles stop. SARM gains are said to be “dry,” with the muscle staying intact. But to Dalton, there are still too many unanswered questions.

“Quite honestly,” he says, “it scares me to death.”

AS THEIR NAME SUGGESTS, SARMS ARE QUITE selective about what receptors they stimulate. But that’s only proved to be true in therapeutic doses. Bodybuilders’ early hopes that large amounts of SARMS wouldn’t turn off natural testosterone production were unfounded, and many have had to add other drugs to kick-start low-functioning testicles. Some have also reported bleeding gums and muscle spasms.

Ed tried 50 milligrammes of Ostarine because he “wanted to see what would happen.” It was no more effective than the 25 recommended by forum advisers, but his liver enzymes shot up. One study found that at high amounts, GW-501516 induced tumours in mice. Both it and S-4 are no longer being developed but are still in use among gym rats.

It can be difficult to tell when adverse effects are due to the drug itself or tainted batches. Black-market labs aren’t known for sterility. After scanning a secondhand Ostarine bottle, Dalton noticed a missing ingredient. “The compound wouldn’t build muscle,” he says. “It could be safe or dangerous. Nobody knows.”

The lack of research has led many users to become amateur biochemists. Ed routinely pores over endocrinology journals; guys like Ty, who’s taken Ostarine for up to 16 weeks in a cycle and also saw his vision yellow on S-4, get blood work done before and after dosing to make sure they haven’t loosened a cellular bolt. “If I feel it becomes too much, I’ll stop,” he says.

On one forum, a user suggested eating more fibre to offset “the squirts”; another theorised the polyps risk would be reduced with an anti-inflammatory pill.

Some amateur reports are sophisticated,

“I’M ABSOLUTELY A GUINEA PIG,” SAYS ED, A 101-KG DATA ANALYST AND SARMS USER.

admits Abraham Morgentaler, M.D., a hormonal-therapy specialist. “But these are medications that change hormones, and they’ve never been studied adequately in humans. It’s hard to know the risks.”

For muscle chasers, risk is rarely an issue: Anabolic use surged in the 1970s, helping create the Gold’s Gym physiques. Testosterone was the base; anabolics were added to enhance effects. In the 1980s, lifters even began spiking and crashing their blood sugar with insulin to augment gains.

“Guys were going into comas and flirting with death,” says Randy Roach, author of the history *Muscle, Smoke & Mirrors*. “Insulin was hugely dangerous, but they didn’t care.” Then came the growth hormone, and the cartoonish proportions it created.

Today, lean is the new large. Companies line shelves with supplements that follow the trend. Some are spiked with anabolics to ensure results. The occasional scare emerges—one was pulled after causing liver failure—but most users aren’t put off. The problem is that lifters are often more informed than those scolding them, having discovered high-protein, low-carb diets and other hacks before they were recommended.

The pursuit of muscle often trumps common sense. “In 10 years, I don’t know what this stuff will do,” says Ty. “But so far, it hasn’t hurt me.”

MASCULINITY TAGGED WITH A UPS TRACKING number is becoming harder to come by. This past winter, Congress quietly enacted the

Designer Anabolic Steroid Control Act. It gives the DEA authority to target sellers of designer drugs, the anabolics-in-disguise that have long flown under its radar. Websites immediately offered significant markdowns.

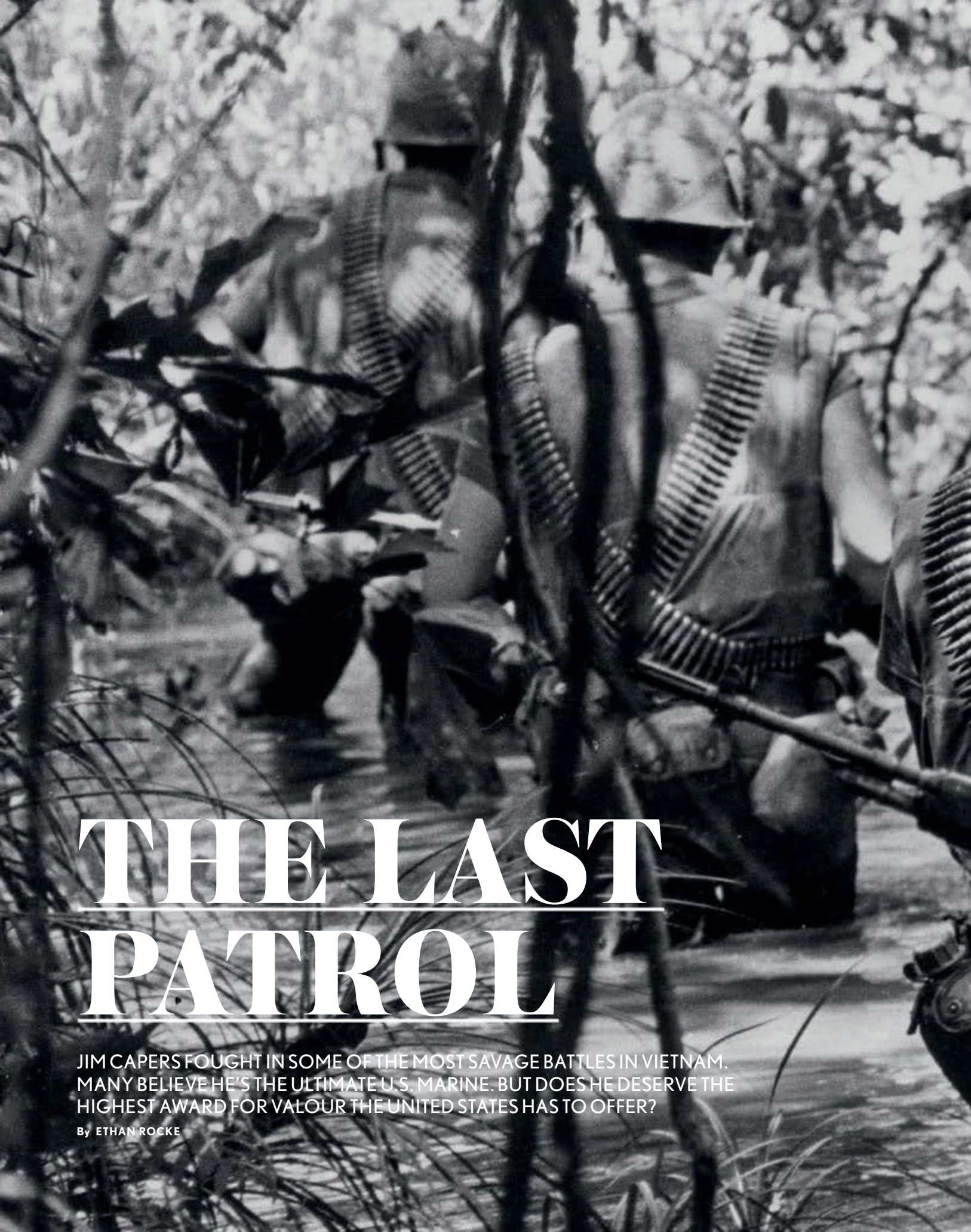
But SARMS are getting a pass—for now. “The way the statute is written, we have to be able to demonstrate a substance is chemically and pharmaceutically similar to testosterone,” says DEA spokesman Joseph Moses. “That makes them incapable of being controlled under the term anabolic steroid.” Perversely, then, the ban may make SARMS even more popular.

Athletic regulators are taking action, however. Both the World Anti-Doping Agency (WADA) and the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency (USADA) have banned SARMS from sporting events. Meanwhile, Ostarine is still being developed in hope of getting FDA approval; newer SARMS are being nursed by GlaxoSmithKline. If any come to market, they will be classified as prescription drugs. For the underground, it’s better that SARMS remain in developmental limbo, where the selling of “research chemicals” can continue.

That legal fudge is opening up new possibilities. Ty has been injecting a new compound called ACE-083 into his calves and biceps. After three days, he claims, he measured three quarters of an inch of muscle growth.

“Fuck, if 1 milligramme did this,” he asks, “what will 50 do?”

Good question. Maybe let the lab rats help answer it. 🐹



THE LAST PATROL

JIM CAPERS FOUGHT IN SOME OF THE MOST SAVAGE BATTLES IN VIETNAM. MANY BELIEVE HE'S THE ULTIMATE U.S. MARINE. BUT DOES HE DESERVE THE HIGHEST AWARD FOR VALOUR THE UNITED STATES HAS TO OFFER?

By ETHAN ROCKE

A black and white photograph showing two US Army soldiers from behind as they wade through a stream. They are wearing helmets and carrying rifles. The stream is waist-deep, and the background is a dense jungle with many trees and foliage. The soldiers are wearing M1 helmets and carrying M16-style rifles. They are wearing combat uniforms and have bandoliers of ammunition slung over their shoulders. The soldier in the foreground is slightly ahead of the one behind him. The water in the stream is calm, reflecting the surrounding foliage. The overall scene is one of a military operation in a jungle environment.

Team members of F Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Regiment, US Army, wade through a waist-deep stream, roofed over by dense jungle, about 400 metres south of the de-militarised zone, Vietnam

IN LATE JANUARY 1967, A TEAM OF ELITE MARINES BELONGING TO THE THIRD FORCE RECONNAISSANCE COMPANY DROPPED ONE BY ONE FROM A CH-46 HELICOPTER INTO THE COLD AND RAIN-SOAKED JUNGLE NEAR THE BORDER OF LAOS IN CENTRAL VIETNAM. THEY WERE SOME 20 MILES BEHIND ENEMY LINES. AMONG THEM WERE CAPTAIN KEN JORDAN, A RANGY TEXAN WITH SANDY BLONDE HAIR, AND HIS ASSISTANT PATROL LEADER, SECOND LIEUTENANT JAMES CAPERS JR., THE ONLY BLACK COMMANDO ON THE TEAM. EIGHT OTHER MARINES, AN INTERPRETER, AND A VIET CONG DEFECTOR ROUNDED OUT THE GROUP.

Their mission was risky, handed down from the CIA: The defector claimed that four American POWs were being held in a Viet Cong prison camp, and the Marines were charged with getting them out.

As the noise of the chopper grew faint, the commandos silently proceeded through the jungle. After three days, they located the camp. It was abandoned. Some of the team quickly formed a security perimeter, while others began documenting what they found. Jordan stood with his back to a tree, surveying the eerie scene. Suddenly, a noise from the woods, followed by a blast from one of the Marines' M16s, ruptured three days of perfect tactical silence, and a Viet Cong soldier collapsed into the bush.

Spotting another VC soldier aiming a gun directly at him from 15 metres away, Jordan swung his M16 up and squeezed the trigger, dropping his would-be killer with a single shot. Within seconds, the team was racing through the jungle, a Viet Cong response force amassing in its wake.

As the commandos moved swiftly through the bush, Capers dropped back to booby-trap the path behind them with grenades. The enemy was everywhere, but for hours, the team evaded them. Sergeant Ron Yerman, the radio operator, called for an extraction, and they made their way up a steep, rutted slope to higher ground. The topography was less than ideal, forcing the CH-46 to hover above the thick jungle canopy while it lowered a harness to hoist the men one at a time. Bullets began whipping in from all directions. Above, the helicopter's 50-calibre machine guns roared to life, hammering the wilderness around them.

By Yerman's account, Captain Jordan was one of the first Marines up into the bird. When Capers led patrols, he always insisted on being the last man on the ground. On this occasion, he again waited until the rest of the

commandos were safely in the chopper, darting from tree to rock to tree again, squeezing off a few rounds at each point to give the illusion that there were multiple soldiers still on the ground.

The hoist finally descended once more. After struggling to secure himself to the harness, Capers was lifted into the air. As he dangled, a single round slashed his face—a grazing wound, but it burned like hell.

Years later, Yerman credited Capers for getting the team out alive: "Chaos ensued, and Lt. Capers took charge and organised a rapid egress toward a landing zone. He was the most professional Marine I ever knew."

Yerman's testimony is contained in a series of interviews compiled for Jim Capers' 2007 recommendation for the Medal of Honor, the United States' highest military award. It is granted only to a service member who has "distinguished himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty."

"WE'RE GETTING
OUT OF HERE—
ALL OF US,"
CAPERS YELLED
TO HIS MEN.

"WE'RE NOT
GOING TO DIE
ON THIS TRAIL."

Capers was, by all accounts, an extraordinary Marine. His tactical innovations earned him a place in the U.S. Special Operations Command's Commando Hall of Honor. So thoroughly did he represent the ideals and mythology of the Corps that his picture graced a near-ubiquitous and highly successful recruiting poster focused on attracting minority officers in the early '70s: ASK A MARINE, it said under an image of Capers in dress uniform, the ornate Mameluke sword, unique to Marine officers, at his side.

Of the 3,493 Medals of Honor awarded since it was established early in the Civil War, nearly all have been in recognition of exceptional performance over a period of a short duration—events that occurred over the course of days, minutes, or even seconds.

In Capers' case, however, the POW rescue mission was just one chapter in a lengthy chronicle of heroic actions during his eight-month tour in Vietnam—an exemplary record of dangerous missions that ultimately earned him the reputation as the so-called "spiritual founder of Marine Corps special operations," in the words of Major General Paul E. Lefebvre. Indeed, the "summary of action" submitted to the Marine Corps Award Branch on Capers' behalf ran 5,700 words. Its length was unprecedented, as was its scope. To some, Capers' exploits—his numerous acts of heroism and the lethality he brought to bear against the enemy—demanded no less.

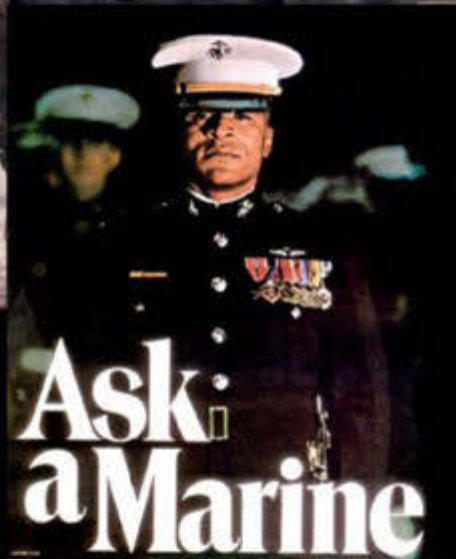
But do they meet the Medal of Honor criterion of "personal bravery or self-sacrifice so conspicuous as to clearly distinguish the individual above his or her comrades"? The Marine Corps says no. But at 77, Capers isn't through fighting.

BORN TO A SOUTH CAROLINA SHARECROPPER IN 1937, CAPERS IS a child of the Jim Crow South. In 1943, after a local sheriff issued a warrant for his arrest, Capers' father fled to Baltimore, and the family soon followed. "My father was a violent man," Capers recalls. "He got into an altercation. I'm not sure if the crime was serious enough for a lynching, but he felt that to survive, we had to leave South Carolina." In Baltimore, the Caperses were poor, but his mom ran a tight household, and they got by.

Jim Capers was a smart, restless 18-year-old kid when he enlisted in the Marines with a high school pal in 1956. "A lot of people had helped me and my family get by," he says, "and the Marine Corps seemed like a good way to give something back." On the hot September day he left for boot camp, his father drove him to the train station. The elder Capers had served time on a chain gang, and he understood the struggle of being a black man in a country rife



(Clockwise, from top)
Third Force Marines pose
prior to the POW rescue mission;
Captain Ken Jordan (right) at
the commissioning of Capers in
Vietnam; Capers as the
face of a Marine recruiting
campaign in the early '70s.



with institutional racism. “You’re a man now,” his father told him. “You know what you’ve gotten into. You’ve chosen it.”

From day one, Capers was determined to distinguish himself among his white peers. “The Marine Corps did not welcome individuals like me,” he says simply. “But the hierarchy thought, if he’s got the skills, at least give him the chance to try. That’s all I wanted.”

Capers set his sights on becoming an elite commando, volunteering for duty with the First Force Reconnaissance Company. Force Recon was the only Special Ops unit in the Corps in those days, dedicated to the dangerous task of long-range reconnaissance—observing and documenting activity deep in enemy territory—as well as unconventional warfare tactics similar to those of the Navy SEALs and the Green Berets. The bar was set high: Team members needed to possess an extremely diverse—and deadly—skill set. Capers rose to the challenge, completing every tactical school or course the military could throw at him.

In 1965, he transferred to Third Force Recon Company, bringing with him a rep as a noncommissioned officer entirely devoted to the Corps and its values. Capers was placed in charge of an all-white 20-man platoon. With his hard stare and formidable build, his authority was never in question. “[He]

was standing in front of the formation with confidence and charisma,” one of his men wrote. “I am Sergeant Capers,” he told them, “and we will be the best platoon of Marines in the world.”

By early 1966, Capers had achieved the rank of staff sergeant. In August of that year, the First and Fifth platoons were deployed to central Vietnam. After a decade in the Marines, Capers was about to put his years of training to the test, arriving in-country just as the most brutal and crucial phase of the war was getting under way. “I wasn’t afraid because I had a job to do, and my job was to lead and to look out for my guys,” he recalls.

Force Recon’s primary mission was to gather critical intelligence, usually with little support and few resources. They were ghosts—commandos who, by definition, only emerge to fight their way out of a fix.

By November 1966, the relentless pace of operations had taken a staggering toll on Third Force Recon. Meanwhile, Capers’ team—which had adopted the nickname Broadminded—had evolved into a highly lethal and agile one under his leadership. His reputation for cold-eyed efficiency was growing fast.

On a rainy day in late November, Capers reported to his battalion commander’s tent in Phu Bai. Lieutenant Colonel Gary Wilder told Capers to raise his right hand and take the oath to become a commissioned officer. During the

entire Vietnam War, only 62 enlisted men were battlefield commissioned. “A lot of the Negro Marines came over and saluted me and shook my hand,” Capers recalls. “And these were guys who I felt had paved the way for me, guys who had been through the segregation years and World War II and Korea. Suddenly I was a lieutenant, and they were saying ‘sir’ to me. It felt odd because these were men who I looked up to.”

IN LATE 1966, KHE SANH COMBAT BASE WAS THE BLOOD-SOAKED tip of the spear of north-central Vietnam. Even by the standards of a brutal conflict, it was hell, a squalid hilltop outpost overlooking a valley through which Communist forces moved supplies to battlefields farther south. Third Force began arriving at the outpost in December, replacing a detachment of exhausted Green Berets. “The bunkers they left behind were so rat-infested, the rats would chew on your ears and nose at night,” wrote Walter Doroski, Broadminded’s point man, in 2008. “[Corporal Michael] Scanlon was the first to get amoebic dysentery. I dug a hole in the side of the trench to protect him from incoming rounds, slid him in, and fed him when he could eat.”

When Jordan was transferred out of Khe Sanh in February, the task of coordinating

the entire detachment's patrols fell to Capers. Assaults on the outpost were constant, punctuated by explosions and cries of "Corpsman!" echoing across the valley. The preservation of Khe Sanh depended on Capers' "raggedy-ass recon teams."

Efforts to convey that reality up the chain of command had been fruitless. The American brass, under General William C. Westmoreland, remained undeterred in its stance that activity around Khe Sanh was insignificant. Ten months after Capers' tenure, the infamous Battle of Khe Sanh—immediately followed by the Tet Offensive—would prove that the size and scope of North Vietnamese Army operations in the area had been tragically miscalculated. But for now, it was all about staying the course.

Unless they were "shot out of the jungle," the teams of Third Force Recon typically spent three to six days on patrol at a time, with little rest in between. In early February, Team Broadminded set out into the jungle, accompanied by a German Shepherd named King. They were hunting an NVA platoon in the area. Early in the patrol, King alerted, signalling the enemy was close. Capers figured they were outmanned at least 3 to 1, so he motioned for his men to hold their fire until they could maneuver into a better position. Within minutes, the dog alerted again, and Capers noticed three NVA soldiers just a few feet away. He opened up on full automatic, dropping all three in a single stroke. Capers' M16 jammed, but Team Broadminded had already initiated its well-rehearsed contact drill, unleashing a barrage of grenades and bullets as the enemy platoon scrambled. Capers, struggling to unjam his rifle, saw two more NVA soldiers emerge, full tilt in a desperate counterattack. He drew his 9 mm and gunned them down. Then he ordered his men to finish off what remained of the enemy platoon. When the battle was over, at least 20 NVA soldiers lay dead, their corpses obscured beneath a haze of gunpowder and smoke. From the surrounding vegetation, the screams of the wounded rang out.

On the chopper back to Khe Sanh, the team was subdued. "There was no backslapping," Capers recalls. "For us, death and killing had become business as usual." They'd be back in the jungle in just a few days.

BY MARCH 1967, THE SURVIVING THIRD FORCE MARINES WERE severely battle fatigued. They had killed or wounded hundreds of enemy soldiers, but their growing legend within the Corps came at a cost. Three quarters of the original 40 Marines were killed or wounded. Capers and his men were transferred back to

"THERE WAS NO BACKSLAPPING," CAPERS RECALLS. "FOR US, DEATH AND KILLING HAD BECOME BUSINESS AS USUAL."

Phu Bai, a welcome change from Khe Sanh's daily artillery and rocket attacks.

But the missions kept coming. Capers told his battalion commander that unless he got more men, the survivors of Third Force should not run any more patrols. Nonetheless, in late March, Capers was given orders to locate a suspected North Vietnamese regimental base camp in the sparsely populated coastal district of Phu Loc. He didn't like the mission, but in Vietnam, undesirable missions had become all too routine.

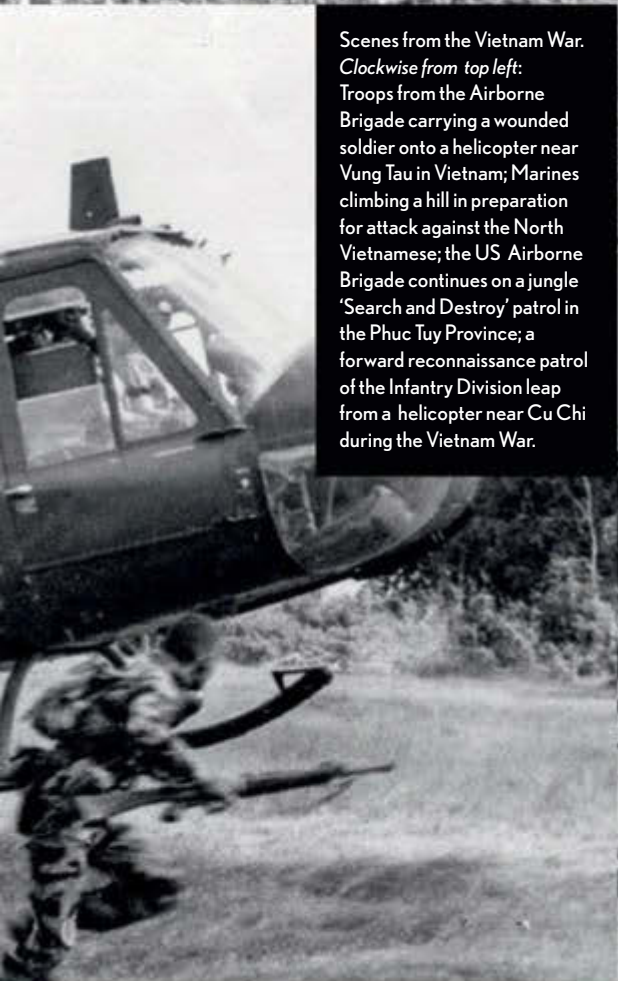
Capers gathered Broadminded's core members, Sergeant Yerman, Sergeant Richard Crepeau, and Billy Ray "Doc" Smith, the team's medical corpsman, and laid out the situation. "He asked us if we would volunteer to go on our last combat patrol into an almost impossible situation," recalls Crepeau. "He told us, 'I've been ordered to go, but you don't have to.'"

"When your mentor, your boss, your surrogate father asks you to do something, and you're a Marine, what do you do? You say, 'Yes, sir.'"

Broadminded's mission was to stealthily cover the flank of a much larger infantry force. They were charged with spotting the enemy and thwarting an attack—and anything else necessary to keep the mission going. Over the four days the patrol lasted, the team averaged two firefights a day. The terrain was flat, with elephant and beach grass, hedgerows and streams, all of it peppered with seemingly endless tunnels and holes from which enemy fighters would periodically emerge and then melt away.

The young infantry force commander who directed the operation radioed Capers' team, ordering them to walk down large, open trails, which contradicted their doctrine of stealth. By the fourth day, Broadminded had found four booby-trapped trails—likely ambush sites, a dangerous situation Capers reported to the commander. On the last day of the patrol, however, he was ordered to take his team back





Scenes from the Vietnam War.
Clockwise from top left:
Troops from the Airborne
Brigade carrying a wounded
soldier onto a helicopter near
Vung Tau in Vietnam; Marines
climbing a hill in preparation
for attack against the North
Vietnamese; the US Airborne
Brigade continues on a jungle
'Search and Destroy' patrol in
the Phuc Tuy Province; a
forward reconnaissance patrol
of the Infantry Division leap
from a helicopter near Cu Chi
during the Vietnam War.



the way they'd come.

The team all understood the nature of the mission. Under General Westmoreland's strategy of attrition, body counts had been deemed the primary metric of success. And you can't stack bodies if you can't find an enemy to attack and kill. The cold reality was that Broadminded was being used as bait—flushing out enemy forces so the regular infantry could swoop in for the kind of glorious protracted battle the generals craved.

"I could have refused those orders," says Capers. "But I knew if I didn't walk down those trails and locate that base camp, the regular grunts would, and a lot more people might get killed. I couldn't live with that."

The team maneuvered slowly and carefully, identifying and withdrawing from three ambush sites. As the Marines were about to withdraw from a fourth, King alerted.

A Claymore mine is an 8.5x3-inch convex slab of inch-deep plastic, packed full of C4 explosives and hundreds of steel balls. It usually sits a few inches above the ground and functions like a giant shotgun shell. Vietnamese fighters had daisy-chained several mines together. Crepeau recalls the moment they detonated like a scene from a film: The five men in front of him were flung to the ground in slow motion. As he watched the shock wave of violence, a steel ball punched through his leg.

From the jungle darkness, a platoon of NVA soldiers unleashed hell from two directions. Within seconds, nearly every member of the team was badly wounded. The blast knocked Capers against a tree and punctured his body in 14 places. His right leg was broken, and as he lay severely concussed, he looked over and saw King, limp and lifeless on the bloody jungle floor. The dog had been between Capers and the blast.

Lance Corporal Harry Nicolaou, a mountain of a man who carried the heavy M60 machine gun with ease, sprayed fire toward the enemy, despite having his right leg nearly blown off at the knee. "Goddamn it, you motherfuckers!" he screamed.

Yerman crawled over to Capers. "We're all down, sir!" he yelled. "But we can still fight!"

Private First Class Henry Stanton carried the team's only M79 grenade launcher. He was bleeding through his mouth and nose when he said to Capers, "I don't think we're going to make it this time."

"We're going to make it, son," Capers said, trying to catch his breath. "Just hold on."

Enemy grenades were exploding from every direction. Capers ordered Yerman to redistribute the team's ammo, and his injured men to form a tight security perimeter. Doc Smith, bleeding from his neck and face, sprinted from man to man, treating and

dressing their wounds.

Soon he got to Capers. "Doc, I'm OK!" Capers barked. "I'm only hit a little. Take care of Nic. I think he caught most of it."

Doc gave Capers a shot of morphine and then sprinted over to Nicolaou. Yerman was working on getting the team extracted, calling for help from the grunts. Capers told Crepeau to call in mortars on their position. He knew the mortar men would intentionally offset the rounds by a few hundred feet and Crepeau could then call in adjustments until the mortars were falling on the enemy. Still, it was a dangerous gamble.

Soon mortars started tearing through the canopy. "That's it. More!" Capers was shouting. "Move 'em closer!"

The enemy fire died down, and Capers called off the mortars. There was an awful smell—acrid smoke and burned flesh and blood and shit. But reinforcements were arriving. "We're getting out of here—all of us," Capers yelled to his men. "We're not going to die on this trail."

The grunts arrived and helped the team toward the extraction site, down a rain-swept path. Capers used his rifle as a cane, blood sloshing in his jungle boots as he walked. The group took turns carrying King's body.

Dusk was descending as they approached the extraction point. One H-34 helicopter landed while another circled overhead, providing cover from the remaining enemy forces. The crew chief helped everyone onto the bird. King's body lay on the ground.

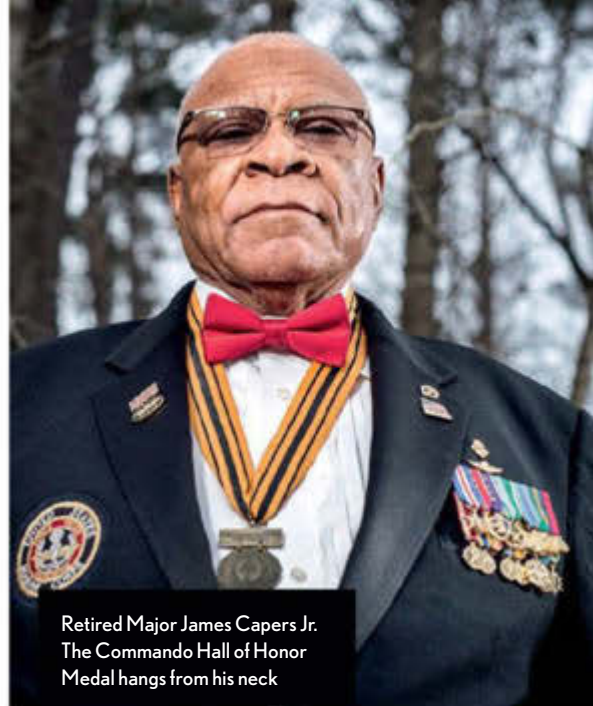
Capers, hazy from morphine and blood loss, drew his gun. The dog was coming with them, he told the chief, or Capers was staying behind.

The crew chief jumped out and heaved King's body onto the chopper. Seconds later, the bird lifted about six feet, then fell back to Earth. "It's no good," Capers said, trying to get off the aircraft so it could take off. The crew chief yanked him back in. On the second attempt, the helicopter climbed about eight feet before falling hard again.

The pilots tried one more time to take off, this time the helicopter rose slowly before lurching forward and climbing toward an ash-coloured sky.

C APERS REMEMBERS THE INSIDE OF THE FIELD HOSPITAL AS "a butcher shop." Blood was everywhere. The doctors had to amputate Nicolaou's leg below the knee. Capers looked around and was overcome by shame. Broadminded had never been ambushed before.

At Bethesda Naval Medical Center, Dottie Capers made her way to her husband's room on the 14th floor with their seven-year-old son,



Retired Major James Capers Jr.
The Commando Hall of Honor
Medal hangs from his neck

Gary, in tow. Capers had met his future wife on a warm spring day in Baltimore when he was just 15, and they'd married a few years after he enlisted. Their son was born blind, but now seemed to be looking at Capers when he put his hand on his father's bed. In Vietnam, Capers had dreamed of this reunion, but now the bitter sting of shame was all he could feel.

The doctors told Capers he might never walk again. He had several surgeries, including a major skin graft to close the gaping hole above his right ankle. Soon he was in a body cast, then a wheelchair, then crutches. For months, Capers rarely got up from his hospital bed. Consumed with remorse and rage, he struggled to reconcile what had happened to him. One day, Dottie picked him up for a drive. She brought him to a parking lot and told him to get out of the car. He struggled from the passenger seat. Then Dottie snatched his cane and walked away. No more self-pity.

"You can walk," she said, "and you're going to walk to me." And when she said it, Capers believed her. He thought about the man he was before, and he made his agonising first steps into Dottie's arms. A few months later, Capers passed his medical review board, allowing him to stay in the Marines. Capers was awarded two Bronze Stars with Valor in Vietnam. Some of his men felt it was inadequate recognition for his battlefield exploits, but if Capers agreed, he kept it to himself. "I had never even thought about it really, because after Phu Loc, I felt like I had failed," he says.

D ECADES LATER, IN EARLY 2007, CAPERS ATTENDED A NATIONAL Naval Officers Association dinner at Camp Lejeune. About half the officers gathered

in dress uniforms were minorities. Lieutenant General Ronald S. Coleman delivered a speech and announced that Capers was being recommended for the Medal of Honor. The announcement was met with a wave of applause. Marines lined up to shake Capers' hand. "They had already anointed me," Capers says. "To them, I was already the first black Marine Corps officer to receive the Medal of Honor."

The idea to nominate Jim Capers for the Medal of Honor originated in the mind of Brigadier General James L. Williams. He credits his decision to join the military in 1976 to Capers' ASK A MARINE poster. By 2007, he was powerful enough to vindicate his personal hero, as well as the other members of Third Force Recon '66-67—now known as the "lost detachment" because its official records had been lost for years. Major General Walter Gaskin, another black Marine Corps officer and Williams' boss, threw his full support behind Williams' efforts. "Given the impact Capers had on the battlefield," says Williams, "it was important for his nomination to reflect the highest valour award."

The generals found their gunslinger in Corporal James Monroe Dixon III, 25, who was assigned to the Second Marine Division's personnel and administration section in 2007. A Georgian, Dixon had been wounded during his third infantry tour in Iraq. He was highly intelligent, with a thick drawl and unruly hair that earned him the nickname "Rooster."

Amazed by the accounts he heard from Capers' men, Dixon's enthusiasm for the Medal of Honor case reached the point of obsession. The submission grew well beyond what is typical of such documents, covering not just one event but Capers' entire tour in Vietnam.

Dixon was convinced he had discovered a precedent for this. But he was also inspired by the compelling witness statements he gathered from the men Capers had led in battle, a vivid portrait of a selfless, heroic leader. "None of us had his level of courage," Ron Yerman wrote. "None of us were as ready as he was to give his life for his men at any moment."

Team Broadminded's point man, Walter Doroski, agreed. "[I've] worked overseas in over 30 undeveloped countries on three continents for 25 years," he wrote. "I never found an equal to Lieutenant Capers' leadership, devotion to his mission and men, or courage in battle."

As Dixon built his case, only one voice was missing: that of Ken Jordan, Capers' old commanding officer. Jordan was the only member of Third Force to initially reject Dixon's request to support the effort. According to Dixon, Jordan said, "Not only no, but hell, no!" The gesture was interpreted by Capers' supporters as an affront, one that

ripped open old wounds.

Official notes from a phone interview between Dixon's superior and Jordan suggest that Jordan's reservations stemmed from a belief that Capers' Vietnam service had already been lauded enough. "Jim Capers, as good as he was, was just one of 40 great men," he said. Ultimately, Jordan offered a late, and tepid, endorsement in 2008—which included a few notes pointing out errors in Dixon's summary.

Jordan insists that he just wanted to get the facts straight. "I'd give Jim 16 Medal of Honors if he had the documentation for it," he says. "Jim will tell you how close we were. To lose his friendship because of this was and still is very deteriorating for me."

The Medal of Honor is the only military medal that must be approved by the president on behalf of Congress. First, however, the nomination must go through numerous layers of military bureaucracy. The man overseeing this process was Retired Colonel Lee Freund, head of the Marine Corps Awards Branch.

Freund and his staff reviewed the Capers package and kicked it back, citing a laundry list of administrative and procedural errors. Freund's advice was that Dixon's ambitious, cumulative approach to meeting the award criteria was not going to fly. The generals regrouped and recast the argument. This time the summary of action focused only on Phu Loc, Team Broadminded's doomed last patrol in Vietnam.

A year and a half later, in 2010, Jim Capers received a letter from the Secretary of the Navy. He had been awarded the Silver Star, two levels below the Medal of Honor. No explanation was given.

Freund stands firmly behind the Marine Corps' painstakingly detailed award system.

**"NONE OF US
HAD HIS LEVEL
OF COURAGE,"
RON YERMAN
WROTE. "NONE
OF US WERE AS
READY AS HE
WAS TO GIVE HIS
LIFE FOR MEN IN
HIS TEAM."**

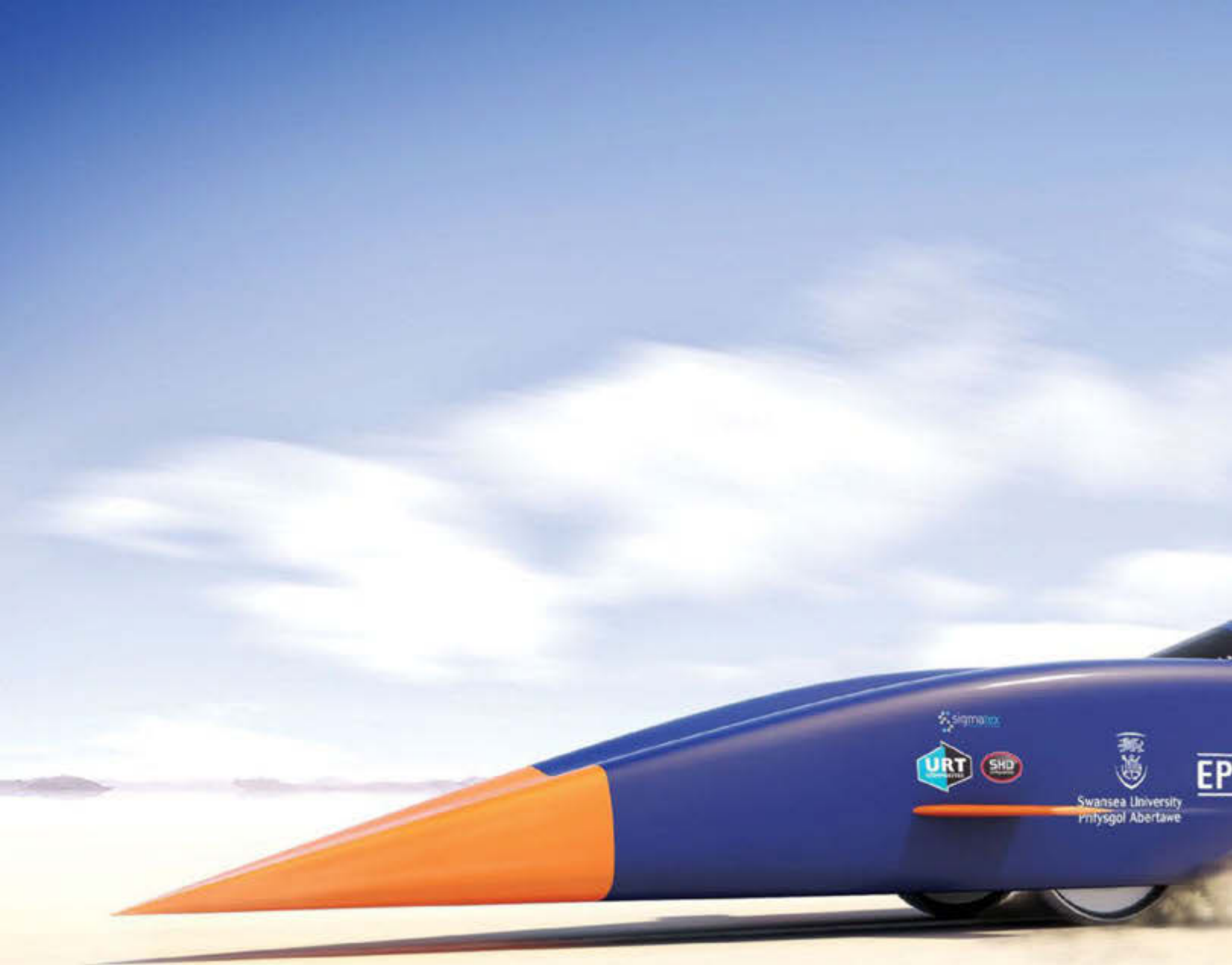
"We charge the commanders endorsing these awards with maintaining our historical ethos," he tells *Maxim*. "Our standards are where they need to be. We don't cheapen awards." Others, like Gaskin, believe institutional racism was a factor and that Capers' honour is long overdue. "Our system isn't geared to look back and compare what impact racial prejudice would've had on the process," he says.

Doug Sterner, an archivist for the *Military Times*, has seen similar disputes before. "It's a very subjective award that depends very much on how well we tell the story," he explains. Still, he insists that race relations in the military were already starting to improve. "Vietnam was our first truly integrated war. Black Americans received 20 Medals of Honor—compared with only two black Americans in Korea and none in World War I and World War II, until the late upgrades."

Dixon ultimately convinced Capers to continue pushing for recognition. By then, Capers was alone. His son, Gary, had died in 2003 from a misdiagnosed ruptured appendix (Capers was awarded a settlement). Dottie passed away from cancer in 2009. He needed a mission, and Dixon provided one. The men spent months together, living in the same apartment in California, drafting petitions and working on Capers' memoir. Meanwhile, Dixon's own post-traumatic stress wasn't subsiding. In many ways, they were two battle-scarred Marines on the last patrol of their lives.

In February 2012, Dixon went to visit his family in Georgia. Neighbours called the sheriff's department around 3:50 am on February 19 to say someone had fired shots on their property. Roughly five hours later, Dixon phoned Capers. "They have me surrounded!" he cried. "You're going to get the Medal of Honor, sir...I love you." Shortly thereafter, he stepped outside, and the Georgia State Patrol SWAT team ordered him to put down his gun. After failing to comply, he was shot and killed. Dixon was 30. Capers spoke at Dixon's funeral. With a shaky voice, he explained to the crowd how Dixon "got it"—how he understood the importance of fighting for what is right. Capers' Silver Star was placed in the casket.

When Capers returned to California, he found himself alone once again—an old, arthritic warrior with shrapnel in his bones and a head full of hard memories. "I'd lost everything important to me," Capers says. "I guess I bought into the idea that the award was bigger than me because I needed to." He now feels that the recognition is secondary to giving due to his "lost detachment." For his supporters, that's reason enough to battle on. "I'm not going to get over it," says General Williams, now retired. "There's a failure to recognise a piece of history here. The fight isn't over." **M**



ROCKET O

THE BLOODHOUND SSC IS UNLIKE ANY CAR BUILT IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY. IT'S ACTUALLY A TRAVEL AT MORE THAN 1,000 MILES PER HOUR. THAT'S 1.3 TIMES THE SPEED OF SOUND WHEN

by VIVEK MUKHERJI



N WHEELS

ROCKET AND FIGHTER JET HYBRID WITH FOUR WHEELS AND A STEERING WHEEL, DESIGNED TO IT ATTEMPTS TO ESTABLISH A NEW LAND SPEED RECORD.



The Bloodhound SSC will emit a 25-foot incandescent flame studded with tiny heat diamonds just before it reaches top speed.

T

The visceral urge for speed has captivated and fascinated humankind since time immemorial. From hunting down fleet-footed quarry for food to supersonic cruise missiles that wreak havoc in battlefields, men and women, innovators and inventors have pushed the envelope to defy the natural laws of physics in their quest for speed. In the process, new records have been set and broken. It's the same spirit of enterprise and enquiry or, simply, the need for speed that has been driving those who dwell in the esoteric and rarefied firmament of Land Speed Record (LSR) for more than a century.

The latest holy grail in the world of Land Speed Record is breaching the 1,000 mph (1,660 kmph) barrier. Yes, that's faster than any supersonic fighter aircraft can fly at 15 metres above the ground. Leading this charge is a British team calling itself the Bloodhound Project. And, the weapon of choice for this ambitious mission is a 'car' called the

Bloodhound SSC. To be honest, the word 'car' is a bit of a misnomer in this case.

The Bloodhound SSC is a singularly unique, hybrid form of a rocket, fighter jet engine from the Eurofighter Typhoon and a Cosworth 2.4-litre V8 Formula One engine with four wheels and a steering housed in a

high-tech cockpit. The science under the carbon-fibre titanium skin of the Bloodhound SSC is indeed rocket science. In case you are wondering what on earth SSC means, it's exactly what it says—Super Sonic Car, designed to go 1.3 times faster than the speed of sound. On land, of course. And the piece of land where this record will be attempted, in September or October 2016,

1,35,000 BHP
The Bloodhound SSC has 25,000bhp more than the QE2



Andy Green set the existing Land Speed Record in 1997 in the Thrust SSC.

AT 1,660 KMPH, THE AIR AROUND THE CAR WILL BE LIKE DENSE 'SYRUP' AND THE SLEEK SHAPE OF THE BLOODHOUND SSC WILL HELP IT TO 'SWIM' THROUGH THIS INVISIBLE LIQUID WITHOUT BECOMING UNSTABLE.

depending on the weather conditions, is the arid expanse of the Hakskeenpan desert in South Africa.

There is more than one contender in this wild chase such as the American Land Speed Research Vehicle called the Sonic Wind, helmed by flashy Californian Waldo Stakes, and the Aussie Invader 5R with the fastest

180 DECIBELS

The hybrid rocket could be louder than a 747 at take-off!

Australian on Earth, Rosco McGlashan, in command. But the British project headed by the giants of the Land Speed Record world, Richard Noble, and 'driver' Wing Commander Andy Green of the Royal Air Force, who holds the existing record of 763 mph (1,227.93 kmph) in the cockpit of the Thrust SSC, also led by Nobel, is tipped by the punters to break

the 1,000 mph barrier first.

In the Bloodhound SSC, function dictates form. At 1,660 kmph, the air around the car will be like dense 'syrup' and the sleek shape of the Bloodhound SSC will help it to 'swim' through this invisible liquid without becoming unstable or airborne. Though the complex power delivery system is every bit exotic, it still obeys the laws of internal combustion engines that drive the more sedate commuter cars.

The Bloodhound SSC has three engines, but only two—the rocket and the jet engines—will provide power to the wheels, while the third unit, the Formula One engine, will be used to drive an oxidiser pump.

Now comes the exotic bit. At the start of the run, the F1 engine will be fired up, which in turn will work the high-precision pump derived from the Blue Steel cruise missile.

As the Bloodhound SSC starts to accelerate under power from the jet engine for 20 seconds up to almost 370 kmph, the pump mated to the F1 engine will start delivering small amounts of High Test Peroxide (HTP), which in milder form is hair bleach, into a chamber in front of the rocket containing a silver catalyst. The HTP will react with the silver to produce steam, oxygen and a whole lot of heat. This steam will be superheated to 600° Centigrade before coming in contact with the solid fuel of the rocket, which is nothing more than synthetic rubber. After another five seconds, as the Bloodhound SSC reaches 560 kmph, Green will engage a trigger mounted on his 3D printed steering wheel that will pump the whole of the 1,000 kg of liquid HTP into the rocket cluster, pushing up the steam temperature to 3,000° Centigrade—about 1,500° more than the Earth's molten core. This will ignite the rubber fuel in the rocket, generating enormous amounts of

thrust, shockwaves and a 25-foot incandescent flame studded with tiny diamonds!

The peak combined thrust of the jet engine and the rocket will produce a staggering 1,35,000 bhp—equivalent to more than eight times the total power of 22 Formula One cars on the starting grid—that will turn each of the 95kg precision-forged aluminium wheels at 10,000 rpm, generating 50,000 radial g-forces at the rim, and propelling the Bloodhound SCC to its designed top speed of 1,680 kmph. Green, in his cockpit, will experience 2.5 g-force as the car continues to accelerate for another 20 seconds before crossing the

Federation Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA)-mandated measured mile at more than 1,000 mph (1,600 kmph) in a mere 3.6 seconds. When the Bloodhound SSC reaches 1,225 kmph, an enormous sonic boom will ripple through Hakskeenpan after which Green and his car will out-run the 140 decibel roar of the engines and the rocket. The car will finally come to a halt

50,000g
The force at the rim of the wheel at 10,200 rpm. A sugar cube would weigh more than two men.



(Top) Andy Green, the world's fastest man, with Narain Karthikeyan, the fastest Indian in the world.
(Below) Green's team prepping for the test drive.



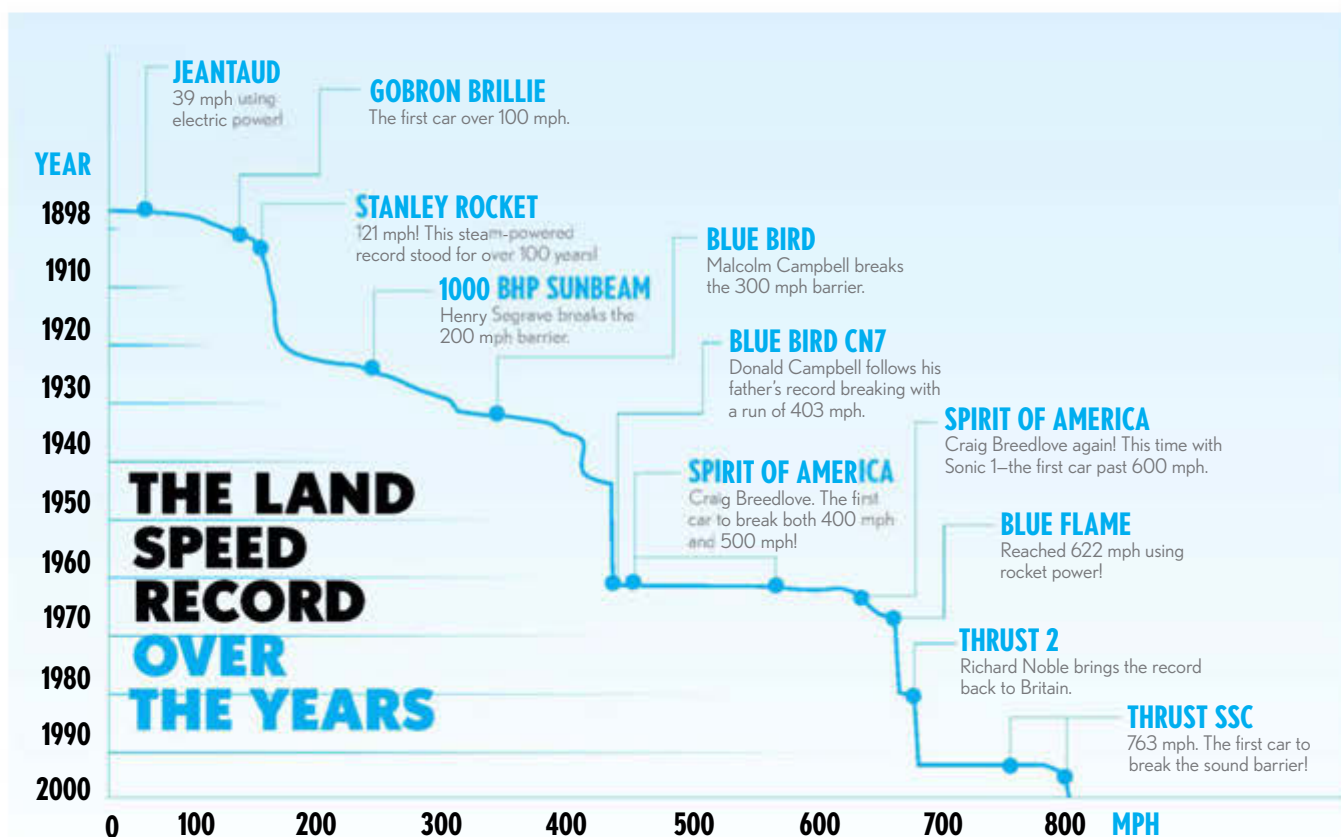
0-1,000

55 SECONDS

And 500-1,000 in 17 seconds!

using a combination of parachute-aided air brakes and conventional friction brakes, about 12 miles (19.20 km) from the starting point, in just 120 seconds. For the record to be validated by the FIA, Green will have to make two passes through the measured mile in one hour.

As the Bloodhound SSC starts test runs in the UK over these summer months, it will mark the home stretch for a project that started almost 13 years ago and will culminate next year. As Green says, "getting to 1,000 mph safely is not just about technology, it's about engineering expertise." The greater purpose of the Bloodhound Project is "promoting engineering and inspiring the next generation with the excitement of science and technology." These are not empty words. According to the FIA, the safety cell of the car will be the safest and most advanced in the history of motor racing. It has a direct application in the civilian world that will make cars safer in the future. 📺



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▷ TWERKING GIRL



ANASTASIA ASHLEY
HAD BEEN CARVING
UP THE WAVES ON
THE PRO SURFING
CIRCUIT FOR YEARS
BEFORE A CLIP OF HER
PRECOMPETITION
ROUTINE WENT
VIRAL. ONE THING'S
FOR SURE: WHETHER
ON HER BOARD OR
YOUR COMPUTER
SCREEN, THIS GIRL
KNOWS HOW TO
TWERK IT.

by JULIAN STERN



**"ANYBODY WHO IS ANY KIND OF PUBLIC FIGURE
HAS BEEN ASKED OUT OVER TWITTER.
BUT ON FACEBOOK, I'VE MET NORMAL GUYS.
THAT WAS MORE ME CREEPING ON THEM. GOING,
'OHH, THAT GUY'S CUTE.'"**

P

"PEOPLE ASK WHEN I SLEEP, AND I'M LIKE, 'Yeah, I stopped sleeping a year or two ago.'" It's 11:15 am, and pro surfer/model/candid-twerk-viral-video-star Anastasia Ashley, 27, has just awoken from one of her apparently rare bouts of slumber. We're chatting over coffee in the Kanye-chic lobby of the SLS Beverly Hills—a Lucite stag's head towers over us, jumbo lamps with silver AK-47s for bases flank our all-mahogany-everything breakfast nook. She has stopped in Los Angeles on her way home to Orange County from Miami, where she spent five days at Miami Fashion Week, the lesser-known, bikini-er version of its New York cousin. And here, on her first opportunity to sleep late in two weeks, a day after spending eight hours posing and frolicking in desert heat (see right), she's pulled herself back out of bed for this interview. And she's a trouper about it. "On a day-to-day basis, I can get away with four hours of sleep. I just trained my body to go."

So you just got back from the fantastic Miami Fashion Week?

Yup. It's a bikini week, basically.

Tell us everything.

[It was] probably the most Instagram models I've ever seen in person. To be honest, it was a good place for a guy that week because it's all the hottest bikini models in one little area, and no guys. There's so many events in South Beach during that week, you just walk down the street and you'll see five hot chicks.

While we look up flights to Miami, could you tell us anything you picked up about the future of bikinis?

I mean, I feel like bikinis are just getting smaller and smaller. It seems like the world in general is just becoming really more accepting of that, whereas before—even five years ago—I'd get my bikinis from Brazil and people would be like, "Oh my God! That's insane!"

Does that affect the actual surfing at all? The bathing suit?

I like smaller bathing suits, so they usually are tighter, but when I surf real waves, I'm in a wetsuit because I like everything strapped in. I don't need to be having wardrobe malfunctions while surfing.

After 20 years of surfing, what still gets you excited?

I like surfing bigger waves, so I'm always waiting for a big swell. Big swells—like, 20- and 30-foot waves—only happen five or six days a season. I was nominated for the Billabong XXL Big Wave Awards in 2013 for a wave I caught on New Year's Eve. That was a pretty big accomplishment for me.

What's dating like for a pro surfer?

I meet people all the time, and they're like, "How do you not have a boyfriend? You have so many guys constantly hitting on you." But that's online. In real life, I don't get hit on at all. I meet a lot of guys, but they don't like the idea of dating someone who has so many people commenting weird stuff. I had a guy straight up tell me, "I can't handle that."

You do have a very strong social media presence, with more than 100,000 Twitter followers, and over half a million on Instagram. Does social media ever actually help you meet people?

Anybody who is any kind of public figure has been asked out over Twitter. It's where famous-y people meet other famous-y people. Because you see if someone verified hits you up. But on Facebook, I've met normal guys. That was more me creeping on them. Going, "Ohh, that guy's cute."

You've asked out random fans who liked your Facebook page?

Yeah, I'm not gonna lie. It's hard to meet people! At least he already likes me. [laughs]

I think you'll be getting a lot of Facebook likes and Twitter DMs from our readers. And speaking of the Internet... your twerk video went viral last year. Has it brought any notable changes in your life?

It put me in front of a lot of eyes. However, I've been working on my job for 20 years. A lot of people will probably sit there and be like, "Oh, because of one video, this and that happened." I mean, I had so many other things in motion that happened to be around that time. But, yeah, it's a funny thing. 



PREVIOUS PAGES
AND THIS PAGE
Swimsuits
by Mishkan

THIS PAGE

Swimsuit by Tavik;
heels by Vince
Camuto; rings
by Vanessa
Mooney; necklace by
Maya Brenner

OPPOSITE PAGE

Bottoms by
Tori Prayer





AN

THE SEASON'S KEY LOOKS WERE
BUILT TO REDEFINE STRONG, SHARPLY
STRUCTURED SILHOUETTES THAT
ARE AS IMPOSING AS A BRUTALIST
ARCHITECTURAL BACKDROP.



GULAR

THIS PAGE
Coat by Gucci
OPPOSITE PAGE
Jacket, shirt and
pants, all by Dsquared²

photographs by **ANUSCHKA BLOMMERS & NIELS SCHUMM**





THIS PAGE

Coat, denim jacket
and pants, all by
Burberry Prorsum

OPPOSITE PAGE

Jacket, T-shirt and pants,
all by Emporio Armani;
shoes by Dsquared²



THIS PAGE

Jacket, T-shirt and
pants, all by
Versace; shoes
by Bally

OPPOSITE PAGE

Jacket, sweater,
shirt and pants, all
by Dior Homme







THIS PAGE

Jacket, tanks and pants,
all by Calvin
Klein Collection

OPPOSITE PAGE

Shirt, vest and pants, all
by Ermenegildo Zegna;
shoes by Dsquared²

STYLING

WAYNE GROSS

GROOMING

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RIJN FOR
BALMAIN HAIR
AT UNSPOKEN
AGENCY,
AMSTERDAM

MODEL

ALEXANDER
VANDER
STICHELE
(AT SUCCESS
MODELS, PARIS)



p.6 The Gateway Resort, Damdama Lake, Gurgaon
pp.10-12 Courtesy of Cadillac
pp.18-19 Charlize Theron, Helga Esteb/Shutterstock
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p.66 Body, Vishstudio/Shutterstock
pp.70-71 Lance Corporal Romaine/Three Lions/Getty Images
p.73 Courtesy of James Capers Jr.
p.74 Vung Tau airlift, troops and patrol chopper, Keystone/Getty Images; troops on patrol, Hulton Archive/Getty Images
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pp.78-82 Courtesy of Flock London
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An integral part of The Lalit Suri Hospitality Group's hotels, palaces and resorts, Rejuve, The Spa is your gateway to unadulterated relaxation and rejuvenation at The Lalit, Mumbai. It is spread across 14,000 sq.ft. and is replete with state-of-the-art facilities and a variety of body and beauty treatments. The Rejuve experience comprises Rejuve Signature Therapies, yoga and holistic healing, and Rejuve herbal, Ayurvedic and aroma experiences. The USP of the spa is the multi-sensory experience—awarded the Asia Geo Spa Most Luxurious Treatment title in 2012—which offers a very unique individualised multi-sensorial experience. The heated, light-emitting bed offers a very unique multi-sensorial experience which involves aromatherapy, colour, touch and sound therapy.





CAPTAIN GRUB—AT YOUR SERVICE, ALL NIGHT!

Captain Grub is Delhi's hottest night delivery kitchen that operates from 7 pm to 4 am.

Looking at their delectable all-American menu, there's no chance you can go hungry. If burgers, shakes, sandwiches and hot dogs are your midnight indulgence, then you've got to call the Captain!

Captain Grub's branches in DLF, Vasant Kunj and GK 1 ensure South Delhi and Gurgaon get their share of grub through the night. If you're thinking of American food, then the Captain and his crew are definitely all you need. We suggest the Butterfly Chicken Burger, the Captain's Love, the Red Neck hot dog and the shakes. They don't want you digging around your fridge the next time you want a midnight meal, when you can get your grub on with Captain Grub. To order your next meal, contact:

GK1: 7042738787/8989

Vasant Kunj: 7042218484/8585

Gurgaon: 7042218686/8787



MAXIM HOT EVENTS



Maxim had yet another action-packed month as we hosted the exclusive premiere of *Mad Max: Fury Road* at DT Star Cinemas, Promenade in Vasant Kunj, New Delhi. Starring Tom Hardy and Charlize Theron, the two-hour thrill ride had our guests pumped up with adrenalin as they headed over to Underdoggs Sports Bar and Grill in Ambience Mall for the after-party—complete with drinking games and, well, a whole lot of drinks! The verdict: This sequel to Mel Gibson's original is a must-watch. Two thumbs up!



MULTIPLEX PARTNER



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VENUE PARTNER



JUNE 2015



Having given Gurgaon a regular doze of some great cricket for six weeks, the much-talked about SI T20 Cricket Corporate Championship finally came to an end on May 9. The event that was inaugurated in a lavish, star-studded bash, by sports icons Virender Sehwag and Gaurav Gill saw the participation of 10 teams from different parts of the NCR. Held every Saturday, the championship was a refreshing break from the workload of the corporate world, and witnessed some closely-contested matches. BEAM & WORDS lifted the Cup, beating Group M in the final.



GRATIFICATION PARTNER

APPAREL PARTNER

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LUXURY GIFT PARTNER

FOOD PARTNER





SAMIR KOCHHAR

The actor and Indian Premier League host on Set Max tells us why he's probably not going to either heaven or hell on his day of reckoning.

How would you like to get to the great beyond?

Peacefully in my sleep, when I'm at the peak of my health and fitness, after an evening spent with all my family, friends and loved ones. Far, far away from a hospital bed or any chronic ailment.

What is your deathbed confession?

I'm actually an alien from another planet, and my real name is ludvig-hanz-scheneiken-harn-emborga!

So that means you're going to heaven or hell?

I don't know how it works out for aliens.

What song will be playing at your funeral?

I'd really want people to celebrate my life. I'd want a party with good food, great music, dance and cheers. Everyone narrating stories about my life. Maybe later, at some point if the mood gets sombre, then they can play "*Chalte chalte mere yeh geet yaad rakhna, kabhi alvida na kehna.*"

What's your last meal?

I'd want butter chicken, *lachha paratha*, *burra kebab* and a whole blueberry cheesecake towards the end.

While on Earth, what did you blow the most money on?

That has to be travel—vacationing across the globe and buying gifts for everyone.

Name one thing you're glad you'll never have to do again once you're deceased.

Be stuck in a traffic jam.

What book do you regret not finishing?

Ten Steps To Living A Good Life In Heaven.

Who would you spend your last day on Earth with?

My family.

If you could be anyone else, who would you be?

My dog, Buddy. He has all the love in the world to give to others.

Who would you spy on from the great beyond?

I'd have a field day snooping on people's lives, and having a laugh with my other heavenly buddies. Politicians, gangsters, sports stars and actors mostly.

Was there anyone on Earth you wanted to punch in the face?

Lots of people. I'd be the vigilante of the heavens, who'd swoop down and smack every idiot who is mean to his family, litters, or lacks civic sense—I think I'd be slapping quite a few people on a daily basis.

What's the wildest thing you ever did while you were alive?

Jumped out of an airplane at 20,000 feet.

What is your biggest regret?

If I were to pop it today then—to not be there to see my son grow up.

Any apologies before you're gone?

To my loved ones, because I'm not going to be there for them anymore.

What's the one thing you'd like to take with you into the great beyond?

A device that'll help me come back from time to time.

Which part of the IPL would you take to heaven?

Navjot Singh Sidhu. In case heaven isn't fun, I'd need someone to keep it entertaining and crack me up all the time.

And which part would you take to hell?

From whatever I've heard about hell, it doesn't sound like a fun spot. I'd take my lady co-anchors and Chris Gayle. The ladies to mesmerise the bad folk of hell with their beauty, and Man Mountain Chris to protect me if that doesn't work.



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